# Injun Dick! Albert W. Aiken's Very Best! To Commence Next Week!



Vol. V.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, ... 3.00.
Two copies one year, ... 5.00.

No. 244.

#### A YOUTHFUL FANCY.

- I gave her a cluster of blossoms; She wore them all day on her breast; I saw them, and thrilled with wild rapture, And—you can imagine the rest!
- I remember 1 kissed her at parting, And promised to always be true; And she whispered, through tears, as she left me, "I'll never love any but you!"
- Last night at a party I met her, No longer the delicate girl That she was, years ago, when I loved her, Ere life filled our hearts with a whirl.
- And I could not help smiling to see her— With figure so heavy and round, For she used to be slender and airy, And dance like a sylph o'er the ground.
- And her face was as red as wild roses, And shone like the silk that she wore; It used to be fair as a lily, Just tinted with pink, and no more.
- They gave us a grave introduction; I think she'd forgotten me quite, But presented to me her first daughter, A pretty young lady in white.

## An Awful Mystery:

SYBIL CAMPBELL, THE QUEEN OF THE ISLE. BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

"What form is that?

The stormy chenching of the bared teeth—
The gory socket that the balls have burst from—
I see them all,
It moves—it moves—it rises—it comes on me."

— BERTRAM.

tones. ""My only regret is, that our stay here is destined to be so short."
The dark, bright face of the young island-girl flushed with pleasure; but ere she could reply, the hall-door was thrown open, and Captain Campbell stood, hat is hand, before them.
"Welcage to Campbell Conto "he said with gare."

hat is hand, before them.

"Welcome to Campbell Castle," he said, with gay courtesy, stepping aside to let them enter.

"Thank you," said Drummond, bowing gravely, while he glanced with some curiosity around, to see if the interior looked more inviting than the exte-



"on hospitable thoughts intent," and now returned to announce that supper was already progressing rapidly—most welcome news to our hungry gentlemen. Sybil had taken off her hat, and now her raven curis fell in heavy tresses to her waist. In the shadow these glittering ringles learned its repeal below. dow, those glittering ringlets looked intensely black, but where the firelight fell upon them, a sort of red light shone through. As she moved through the high, shadowy rooms, with the graceful, airy motion that lent a charm to the commonest action, Willard Drumbut where the firelight fell upon them, a sort of red light shone through. As she moved through the high, shadowy rooms, with the graceful, airy motion that lent a charm to the commonest action, Willard Drummond, following her with his eyes, felt a secret sense of exultation, as he thought this magnificent creature was his, and his alone. This bright, impassioned seanymph; this beautiful, radiant daughter of a noble race; this royal, though dowerless island-queen, loved him above all created beings. Had she not told him, as he whispered in her willing ear his passionate words of love, that he was dearer to her than all the world besides? Some day he would make her his wife, and take her with him to his princely home in Virginia; and he thought, with new exultation, of the sensation this glorious planet would make among the lesser stars of his native State.

So thought and argued Willard Drummond in the first flush and delirium of love.

He did not stop to think that he had loved with even more intensity once before; that he had raved even in a like manner of another far less bright than this queenly Sybil. He did not stop to think that even so he might love again.

No. Everything was forgotten but the intoxicating girl before him, with her sparkling face, her glorious eyes of jet, and her flashing, sunbright hair.

From the rhapsody of passion—from the seventh heaven of his day-dreams, he was at last recalled by the voice f Sybil herself summoning him to supper.

eyes of jet, and her flashing, sunbright hair.

From the rhapsody of passion—from the seventh heaven of his day-dreams, he was at last recalled by the voice f Sybil herself summoning him to supper.

He looked up with a start, half inclined to be provoked at this sudden summons from his ideal world to the vulgar reality of a supper of hot cakes, tea and preserves. But there sat Sybil at the head of the table, bright and smiling—benatifying even the dull routine of the tea-table with the charm of her presence. And then, too—now that his airy vision was gone—Mr. Willard Drummond began to recollect he was very hungry, and that "dreams and visions" were, after all, very unsubstantial things compared with the bread and butter of everyday life, degrading as the confession was.

Guy had already taken his place, so Willard took the seat his young hostess pointed out to him, and the business of the tea-table commenced. When the meal was over, Aunt Moll cleared the table, and the trio gathered round the fire—for, though the weather was warm, the great unaired room was chill enough to render the fire pleasant.

By degrees, perhaps it was owing to the strange, dreary loneliness of the place, the conversation turned upon deserted houses, bold robberies, murders, and by a natural consequence, upon ghosts. Willard and Captain Campbell seemed striving to ontvie each other in telling the most frightful tales, the latter taxing his imagination to invent them, when the original failed to produce the necessary degree of horror. Every one knows what a strange fascination such ghostly legends have, the hours passed almost unnoticed, and it was only when the fire burned low on the hearth, and the solitary candle guttered in the socket before going out, that our party became aware of the lateness of the hour.

"Well, we have been profitably spending the evening, I must say," said Captain Campbell, rising, with a laugh. "You should have been in bed an hour ago, Sybil. Here! Annt Moll," he cried, going to the door, "bring us lights, and

easy, out-assinated arm-count.

(a) Well, in spite of all the ghosts and hobgoblins that ever walked at 'noon of night,' I shall sleep here as sound as a top, until morning. Your ghost will have to give me a pretty vigorous shaking before I awake, when once I close my eyes on this mortal ite.

life."
"Perhaps the ghost, if in the least timorous, will not appear to so undannted an individual as yourself. May your dreams be undisturbed! Good-night." And placing the light on the table, Captain Campbell left the room.

Willard's first care was to lock the door securely. Willard's first care was to lock the door securely, and then carefully examine the room. There was no other means of ingress but the one by which he had entered, and the room did not seem to communicate with any other. The window was high above the ground, and firmly nailed down. Clearly, then, if the ghost entered at all, it must assume its ghostly preogative of coming through the keyhole—for there was no other means by which ghost or mortal could get in.

Satisfied with this, Willard Drummond went to bed, but in spite of all his efforts, sleep would not come. Vain were all his attempts to woo the drowsy god, he could only toss restlessly from side to side, with that feeling of irritation which want of sleep produces.

with that feeling of irritation which want of steep, aroduces.

The moonlight streaming in through the window fleath reigned around, unbroken even by the watchlog's bark. The dull, heavy roar of the waves, preaking on the shore like far-off thunder, was the only sound to be heard. And at last, with this eerie ghostly lullaby, Willard Drummond fell into a fever-ish sleep.

controlly, stepping saids to set stans engage. The control of the control of the standard of t

THE MIDNIGHT CRY. "And when the midnight hour is come, A sound is heard in yonder hall— It rises hoarsely through the sky, And vibrates o'er the moldering wall."

It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the moldering wall."

In a former chapter we left Mrs. Tom in rather an appalling situation.

Accustomed to the quiet, unexciting life of the lonely, sea-girt island, the events of the night had momentarily terrified her, albeit her nerves were none of the weakest. The mysterious revelation of the dying man; his tale of night, and storm, and crime; the wild, ghoatly face at the window; and lastly, his sudden death, were quite enough to thrill for an instant with terror even a stronger heart than that of the solitary old widow.

For some moments Mrs. Tom sat still, gazing alternately on the window and on the ghastly face of the dead man before her, with a chill feeling of horror creeping over her.

The sudden striking of the clock, as it chimed the hour of eleven, aroused her at last from her trance of terror. It was a sound of life, and it reassured her. Rising, she gathered courage to approach the window cautiously, and looked out. Nothing was to be seen but the bright moonlight, bathing rock and river in its silvery light. Beyond, she could see the huge, black pile of Campbell's Castle, casting its long, gloomy shadow over the ground. Lights were still twinking in the windows—a sight as unusual as it was pleasant—and with renewed confidence at this sign of life, Mrs. Tom went to arouse Carl to assist her to watch beside the dead.

"It's onpossible to sleep with a corpse in the house," thought Mrs. Tom, as she climbed up the ladder leading to Carl's lofty dormitory: "leastways. I couldn't sleep a wink, though I do s'pose that there lazy, sleepy-head Carl could more away jest as soundly of we was all dead in a heap. I reckon I'll hev an hour's work getting him up. Here you Carl! Carl! get up, I tell you!" Then Mrs. Tom shook him lustily.

The sleeper only replied by turning over with a grunt.

very sulky face, and grumbling inwardly at his hard fate in being governed by so tyramical a task-mistress.

"I don't see why the old feller couldn't have died somewhere else," inwardly muttered the ill-treated Mr. Henley. "A-coming here and giving bother. Keeping a feller from his sleep of nights. It's downright mean."

Taking possession of Mrs. Tom's rocking-chair, while the old lady bustled about, laying out the corpse as best she could under the circumstances. Carl was once more soon sound asleep. Then, when all was done she could do, Mrs. Tom lay down on the hard, wooden sofa, or "settee," as she called it, and in spite of the presence of death, followed her worthy nephew to the land of dreams.

Morning was far advanced before either awoke. Mrs. Tom's first care was to send Carl up to the lodge, to inform its inmates of the death of her guest, and desire Captain Campbell's immediate presence.

Immediately after breakfast, the young captain hastened to the cottage, while Sybil and Drummond went out for a stroll round the island.

Mrs. Tom had been anxiously revolving in her mind the singular story told her the night before, and resolved to reveal it to Captain Campbell, and learn his opinion about it.

Accordingly, when he entered, Mrs. Tom—having first taken the precaution of turning Carl out of doors—related the story in substance as it had been told to her.

Captain Campbell listened in astonishment and in-

restated the story in substance as it had been told to her.

Captain Campbell listened in astonishment and incredulity.

"Now, Master Guy, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Tom, when she had finished.

"My dear madam," replied the young man, gravely, "the man, excited, hall-crazed, delirious, as he was, must have imagined all this. No such horrible thing could have ever occurred in a Christian land."

"But he wasn't crazy," asserted Mrs. Tom, almost angry at having the truth of the story doubted. "He wasn't colirious a mite."

"Now, Mrs. Tom, it's not possible, that, with all your good sense, you can credit such an incredible tale."

"But, Master Guy, the man told it on his deathbed

But, Master Guy, the man told it on his deathbed.

"But, Master Guy, the man told it on his deathbed. Think o' that."

"And doubtless believed it, too; but that does not make it any more probable. I have heard of such cases before. It is all owing to the imagination, my dear lady. He had fancied this story, and thought about it so long, that he had learned to believe in it

about it so long, that even himself."

"Well, I don't know nothin' 'bont the 'magination, thank my Heavenly Master,' said Mrs. Tom, in a sort of sullen unbelief; "but I do know, ef you was to talk till this time to-morrow, you couldn't make me believe differently. I shouldn't wonder now ef you tried to the could be the winder.

"Well, I don't know nothin' bout the 'magination, thank my Heavenly Master, 's said Mrs. Tom, in a sort of sullen unbelief; "but I do know, ef you was to talk till this time to-morrow, you couldn't make me believe differently. I shouldn't wonder now ef you tried to make me think the face I see'd stuck at the winder was all 'magination, too."

"I was just about to say so," said Guy, repressing a smile. "It could be nothing else, you know. The hour of night, the thrilling tale, and the man's dying cry that he saw her there, would have made you imagine anything; therefore—"

But Mrs. Tom's wrath was rising. She had been inwardly priding herself on the sensation her story would create, and this fall to her hopes was more than she could patiently endure.

"It's no sich thing," she cried, in a voice louder and sharper than she was in the habit of using to any one but the unfortunate Carl. "I seen it all with my own two blessed eyes, and nobody's goin' to make me believe it was my 'magination whatever. 'Magination, indeed!' continued the old lady, in a tone of profound contempt. "Thank my Divine Master, I never was troubled with 'magination since the day I was born, and 'tain't likely I'd begin now in my old age o' life. I allers had a great respect for you, Master Guy; but I'm a poor, lone 'oman, and can't stand to be onsulted by nobody. I hain't no doubt you mean well, but I like to hev people b'lieve me when I do tell the truth. Scat, you hussy! afore I twist your neck for you."

The latter part of this oration was addressed to Trot, the mottled cat, and was accompanied by a kick, which ejected that unoffending member of society out of doors, much quicker than was at all agreeable. Captain Campbell, quite unprepared for this burst of eloquence, listened in amazement, and seized the first opportunity, when angry Mrs. Tom paused for breath, to humbly apologize for his offense.

"My dear Mrs. Tom," said the young captain, humbly, "I had not the remotest intention of offending you, and most deeply regret having done so

er glorious eyes. Willard Drummond stood beneath, gazing up at her

ner glorious eyes.

Willard Drummond stood beneath, gazing up at her as a poet might gaze on the living realization of his most beautiful dreams. Captain Campbell shrugged his shoulders expressively as he saw his impassioned glance, and thought inwardly of the confession he had once made to him of there being but one woman in the world worth loving.

"Well, Sybli, one would think you were attitudinizing for the stage," said Captain Campbell, dryly, as he approached.

Sybli laughed gayly as she sprung down on the white, level sands between her brother and lover.

"I was only looking out for a sail, which I falled to discover," she replied.

"Well, Campbell," said Drummond, "had your old lady down below any important revelations to make, that she sent for you in such haste this morning?"

Not very important in my eyes, though they are in hers," replied the young captain. "She wished to reveal the dying deposition of our passenger, Richard Grove."

"And what had he to tell? Was I right in saying."

Grove."

"And what had he to tell? Was I right in saying remorse for some 'unacted crime' preyed on him more than mere illness?"

"Faith, Sybil, according to worthy Mrs. Tom, I believe you were. He succeeded in frightening that good but slightly-credulous old lady out of her wits."

"Well?" said Sybil, inquiringly.
Captain Campbell, condensing the story, gave them the outline and principal facts in a few words. Both listened with deep interest; but when he spoke of the pale, haggard face, with its dark, waving hair, glaring at them through the window, Wilard Drummond started violently and turned pale. Sybil's eagle eyes were fixed on his face, and she alone observed it.

"And what does Mrs. Tom take this nocturnal visitor to be?" inquired Sybil. "A mortal like herself, or a spirit disembodied?"

"Oh, a ghost, of course!" replied her brother.
"The spirit, perhaps, of the woman walled up to perish in the room with the murdered man. Ugh! the story altogether is hideous enough to give one the nightmare! And now hat you have learned all. I believe I'll go and send Lem down to inter the body."

Captain Campbell sauntered away, and the lovers were alone.

"And what do you think of this story, Willard?" inquired Sybil.
"I cannot tell. Yesterday I would have joined your brother in laughing at it, but to-day—"

inquired Sybil.
"I cannot tell. Yesterday I would have joined your brother in laughing at it, but to-day—"
He paused.
"And why not to day?" breathlessly inquired

"And why not to day?" breathlessly inquired Sybil.

"Sybil, I do not wish to needlessly alarm you; but last night, as if to punish my presumption, I experi nod comething very like a supernatural visit."

"Good heavens, Willard! Then the story told by the negroes is true?"

"It certainly seems like it. Had any one else told me what I experienced, I should think they were humbuggling me; but I cannot discredit what I saw with my own eyes."

"And what was the appearance of the nocturnal visitor?"

visitor?"
"Exactly like the description Mrs. Tom gives of the face that appeared at her window. White as that of the dead, with dark, streaming hair, and wild, vaccent dark eyes."

cant, dark eyes."

"Oh, Willard! Can it be that—but no, it is impossible. At what hour did this apparition appear?"

"Between one and two, as near as I can judge."

"Strange, strange! I, too, heard something dreadful last night."

"Is it nossible? What was it degreet Sybl!?"

"Strange, strange! I, too, heard something dreadful last night."

"Is it possible? What was it, dearest Sybil?"

"Listen. About midnight I was awakened by something that sounded like a heavy fall right outside my door, followed by a groan so deep, so horrible, that the very blood seemed freezing in my veins. Trembling with terror, I half-rose to listen; but all for a time was still. Trying to persuade myself I was only dreaming, I was about to lie down again, when a shrick the most appalling broke upon the air, and died away in an agonized moan. I dared not move; I could not sleep, and I lay cowering in superstitious horror until morning. With the bright sunshine came renewed courage, and I feared to mention what I had heard to my brother or you, lest I should be laughed at—even as you feared the same. Willard, there must be some horrible mystery here; some fonic rime, I fear, has at some time been perpetrated within these walls. What if—"

She paused.

"Well, Sybil?" he said, inquiringly.

"Oh, Willard! what if this house has been the seene of that mystery the dying man spoke of? I thought of it from the first."

"Nonsense, Sybil! What an idea!" And yet he looked disturbed himself, as he spoke.

"How otherwise are we to account for those ghostly visitings, those midnight apparitions and appalling shrieks?"

"And yet nothing could induce your brother to

shrieks?"

And yet nothing could induce your brother to adopt your belief. He would laugh at our credulity, were we to tell him what we have seen and heard."

"Yes, and perhaps I had better not tell him, Willard. I will have your room changed, and my own likewise. If they are less comfortable, they will be more endurable than to be disturbed by midnight species." specters. "Be it so, then, fairest Sybil," he said, gayly. And turning, they walked together to the todge.

CHAPTER VI.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, AND ON WITH THE NEW." "Holy St. Francis! what a change is here! Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear, So soon forsaken? Young men's love, then, lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes."

—ROMEO AND JULIET.

The following night passed without disturbance, either earthly or ghostly, at Campbell's Lodge.
Early in the morning, Captain Campbell went over to the mainland on business. And Sybli, accompanied by Drummond, went down to the cottage to visit Mrs. Tom. There was an inward feeling of pleasure at Sybl's heart when she learned Christie was away to the mainland on a visit. Not that she doubted Willard; but she remembered Christie as a very pretty child, grown by this time doubtless into a lovely girl, and it might not be altogether safe to throw the gay man of the world into dangerous society.

throw the gay man of the world into dangerous society.

Toward noon, as they were sauntering along the sunshiny beach, she hanging on his arm, while he softly whispered the words "ladies love to hear." they espied a boat advancing toward them. Sybil raised her telescope to survey the new-comers.

"Rev. Mr. Mark Brantwell and wife," she exclaimed, in tones of surprise and pleasure. "Guy has doubtless called upon them, and told them I was here."

"Friends of yours?" asked Willard.

"Yes, the Episcopal clergyman of N—, whom I have known since my carliest childhood. But here they are."

they are."
The boat at this time touched the shore, and Sybil, The boat at this time touched the shore, and Sybil, disengaging her arm, ran down to meet them. Willard more leisurely followed, just in time to see his lady-love folded in the arms of a gentleman who sprung from th boat. The stranger was of middle age, married, and a clergyman; yet in spite of all, Mr. Drummond felt a sudden twinge of jealousy and anger at heholding the embrace. But the next moment jealousy, anger, every feeling was swallowed up in intense astonishment, not unmingled with superstitious horror. For as the clergyman turned round, and Willard obtained a full view of his face, he recognized the countenance of him he had seen years before, in that mystic vision at the Egyptian's.

For a moment he stood regarding him, pale with wonder; and it was only when he heard the clear, ringing voice of Captain Campbell, as he approached him, saying, with a hearty slap on the shoulder:

"Why, Drummond, man alive, what alls yon? You are as pale as a ghost," that he awoke from his trance of surprise.

"Are you ill?" said Sybil, anxiously, as she approached, leaning on the arm of Mrs. brantwell.

"A slight headache—nothing more," said Willard, recovering himself by an effort; "nothing worth being alarmed about," he added, seeing Sybil's still anxions eyes.

"Why, Sybil, have you grown nervous and coward-

ing alarmed about," he added, seeing Sybil's still anxious eyes.

"Why, Sybil, have you grown nervous and cowardly?" exclaimed Mr. Brantwell. "You who used to be as bold and daring as a mountain eaglet? But perhaps," he added, glancing meaningly at Willard, "it is only where some very particular friend is concerned that your fears are thus easily aronsed"

Willard smiled slightly, while Sybil's dark face grew crimson, as she hurried on with increased rapidity, drawing her companion with her and leaving the gentlemen behind.

When they reached the lodge, Spill he he had.

When they reached the lodge, Sybil left her brother to entertain their guests, while she set about prepar-ing luncheon. When the meal was over, Mrs. Brant-well said.

"And now, Miss Sybil, I have come to carry you off. It is three years since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, and I shall certainly take you with me now. Come, no excuses—I will not hear one of them."

"But, my dear Mrs. Brantwell—" began Sybil. "But, my dear Miss. Brantwell—" began Sybil. you hear that? Your brother can certainly do without you for a week." "Yes, and glad to be rid of her too," said the gallant Captain Campbell.

"Yes, and glad to be rid of her too," said the gallant Captain Campbell.

Sybil stole a glance toward Drummond from under her long eyelashes. He was sitting Jooking out of the window, with an exceedingly dissatisfied frown on his brow. Mrs. Brantwell perceived the glance, and broke out again with her usual bluntness.

"And as for that other gentleman you were looking at, Sybil, I am sure he will be generous enough to spare you for a few days, as he will, in all probability, have enough of you before long."

Again Sybil crimsoned and glanced reproachfully at her plain-spoken friend, and again Mr. Drummond was forced to smile, in spite of his ill-humor, at the good lady's brusque bluntness.

"You will have to come, you see, Miss Sybil," said Mr. Brantwell, laughin.

"Of course she will," added his brisk spouse; "and npon my word I think I am doing her a favor in taking her from this lone-ome island, and lecting her see a little of civilized life at our hands; though, from Sybil's looks, I should say she doesn't feel at all grate-

ittle of civilized life at our hands; though, from oil's looks, I should say she doesn't feel at all grate

Sybil's locks, restaurant ful for it."
"Indeed, Mrs. Brantwell, I do, but—"
"Indeed, Mrs. Brantwell, I do, but—" "There, there! I won't listen to another word."
And Mrs. Brantwell, a tall, good-humored little lady,
clapped her hands over her ears, "Guy, make this
ungrateful sister of yours hold her tongue, and do as
the stable "."

she is told."

"Come Sybil, there is no help for it, you see," said Guy. "Drummond and I will get along swimmingly during your absence. He can keep his hand in, in making love to aunt Moll, while I will try my powers of persuasion over Mrs. Tom."

Sybil laughed, and paused for a moment in thought. She would infinitely have preferred remaining on the island with Willard, but it would never do to allow them to think that was her reason; and, after al, a week would soon pass. Had Christie been home, no persuasions could have induced her to go; but in her absence there was nothing to tear. Then, too, Wilpersuasions could have reduced act to go, and have absence there was nothing to lear. Then, too, Willard, so long accustomed to her presence, would miss her so much when she was gone, that doubtless his love would be increased rather than diminished.

Involuntarily, while thinking of him, her eyes wan dered to where he stood. Again the sharp-sighted Mrs. Brantwell observed it, and again she broke out

grave bow.
"Well, I'm sure that's a mercy to be thankful for.
Now, perhaps you will come, Sybil," said the plainspoken old lady; "and as for you, sir, I shall expect
to see you at the parsonage every day with Master

anticipation.
"Well now, run and get ready," said Mrs. Brant

well, turning to Sybil.

Sybil soon reappeared, dressed for her journey. And then, as the afternoon was far advanced, the whole party descended to the beach. The adicux were spoken, the boat pushed off, leaving the two young men alone on the sands.

"I must go over to Westbrook dockyard this afternoon," said Guy, "where the 'Evening Star' is now lying. What do say to come with me?"

"I prefer remaining here" said Willard, who had not yet quite recovered his good-humor, after what

"I prefer remaining nere" said willard, who had it yet quite recovered his good-humor, after what was pleased to call Sybil's desertion. "Well, then, I'll remain with you," said Guy, who is the soul of frankness and good temper. "By no me ns!" said Drummond, hastily. "Do t stay on my account. I have a slight headache ll, and will retire to my room."
'But it seems hardly courteous to leave you altother alone."

esther alone."
"Nonserse, my dear fellow! I insist upon it. I hope you do not think of standing upon ceremony

with me!"

"So be it then," said Captain Campbell, gayly, as he sprung into his boat, pushed off, and shot like an arrow out into the water.

Drawing a cigar from his pocket, Willard Drummond lit it and proceeded to stroll up and down the beach, in ho very amiale frame of mind. He felt angry, in spite of all, at Sybi's leaving him; and with this feeling would now and then mingle another of profound amagement at the exact resemblance this of profound amazement at the exact resemblance this Mr. Brantwell bore to the face he had seen in that singular vision. Was the fell prediction about to be verified?

startled by a voice singing a wild, sweet song of the sea, in the clearest and most delightful tones he had ever heard. Surprised at the unexpected sound, he sprung up the rocks in the direction whence it came, and beheld a sight which transfixed him with amaze-

ment.

A young girl, beautiful as an angel, stood on an overlanging crag, with one round white arm resting lightly on the rocks, singing to herself as she gazed on the sparkling waves. Her hair, of the palest golden hue, rose and fell in the breeze, and flashed in the sunlight that rested like a glory on her bright young head.

head.

Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, with rose-tinted cheeks and full, red lips—like wet coral—and eyes
large and bright, and blue as the summer sky above
her. Her figure was slight, but round and voluptuous: and there was passion, and fervor, and wiid enthusiasm in her look, as she stood like some stray
suranh, dropped from some strayelord out that larger seraph, dropped from some stray cloud on that lonely sland.
Willard Drummond stood immovable, drinking in

Willard Drummond stood immovable, drinking in, to intoxication, the bewildering draught of her beauty. She was in every respect so very different from Sybil that she seemed to him the more charming from force of contrast. Transfixed he stood—everything forgotten but this lovely creature before him—when suddenly, like an inspiration, came the remembrance of his singular dream, and of the fatal sirenwith the golden hair. Strange that it should have come back to him so vividiy and painfully then!

The young girl's song ceased; and turning, she leaped lightly as a young deer from her airy perco, without perceiving him who stood so intently regarding her. Leaping from rock to rock, with a fleetness that awoke the surprise of Willard, she reached the road and disappeared within the cottage of Mrs. Tom. Everything was forgotten now but the one intense desire of knowing who this radiant sea-nymyh was. Turning, therefore, into the path she had just taken, he appeached the cottage and encountered Carl at

urning, therefore, into the path she had just taken, e approached the cottage and encountered Carl at the door.
"Well, Master Henley, how are you?" said Wil-

lard, carelessly.
"Sticking together," was Master Henley's concise "Shocking together, was master nemer's concise and descriptive answer.

"Glad to hear it," said Willard, repressing a strong inclination to laugh. 'Is Mrs. Tom within ?'
"She was when I left the house." said Carl, who seemed determined not to commit himself.
"Any committed heap?" again inquired the young

"Any one with her?" again inquired the young gendeman, looking as indifferent as possible.
"No, nobody!" was the unexpected answer.
"What!" exclaimed Willard, surprised. "I thought I saw a young lady enter a moment ago!"
'Oh!-Caristie, she's nobody," said the gallant

Mr. Henley.
"Christic-Mrs. Tom's niece-I thought she was away W exclaimed Willard.

"So she was, but I went for her this morning; couldn't be bothered doing her work and my own both, any longer," said Carl

"So she was, but I went for her this morning; couldn't be bothered doing her work and my own both, any longer," said Carl.
"I suppose I may go in?" said Willard, feeling a sudden thrill of pieasure at the knowledge that this radiant girl was an inhabitant of the island.
"Yes, I suppose you may, if you like," said Carl, in a tone of the utmost unconcern.
Thus kindy permitted, Willard advanced and rapped at the door. It was opened by Mrs. Tom, whose surprise was only equaled by her delight at this un expected visit. Near the window that overlooked the Lodge stood the golden-haired vision of the beach. She turned round with a quick, shy glance, and blushed most enchantingly beneath the deep, dark eyes of the stranger.
"My niece, Christie, Mr. Drummond," said Mrs. Tom, directing his attention to her with a wave of her hand; "she got back this mornin". I allers find it powerful lonesome here without Christie."
"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Drummond, seating himself; "but I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Christie before."
"Wher?" asked Christie, opening her blue eyes

ng Miss Christie before."
"Where?" asked Christie, opening her blue eyes in wonder.
"Down on the beach, a few moments ago."
"Oh, yes!" And again Christie blushed vividly, as she recollected how she had been caught singing.
"Where's Miss Sybit, and Master Guy?" inquired

Mrs. Tom.
"Miss Sybil has gone to N— with the clergyman's oily, and will not return for a week; and Captain mpbell has gone to Westbrook, where his vessel is dergoing repairs. So I am leit all alone, and came

ay my respects to you."
Then you'll stay and spend the evenin'," said.
Tom, smiling complacently.
T. Drummond professed his willingness. And
little widow, delighted at the condescention, set as this wore off, he drew her into conversation to his surprise found her intelligent and well cated. This Mrs. Tom accounted for by saying had gone to school for the last five years at We-bk—residing there with the friend she had been visible.

she had gone to school for the last five years at Wet-brook-rey-ding there with the friend she had been now visiting.

The evening passed away with the rapidity of nagic. Christie, after much solicitation, consented to sing for him; and if anything was needed to fairly mechant him, that sweet, clear voice would have done it. Then, too, Carl added to general hilarity by drawing out a rusty Jewsharp, and playing a favorite tune of his own composition. Not once during the evening did he think of Sybil—her dark, resplendent fac, and wild, flerce black eyes, were forgotten for the golden locks and sweet, fair face of blue-eyed Christie—this dainty island Peri.

The hour for leaving came all too soon. As he rose, refluctantly, to go, he pressed the hand Christie extende to his lips with such passionate ardor that the blood flusned to her very temples, but not with displeasure. Ere he left, Mrs. Tom cordially invited him to visit her house while he remained on the island—an invitation he was not loth in accepting. Christie stood at the window, watching his tall, elegant form, as he walked toward the castle in the oright, clear moonlight.

It like him Courin Christies, don't you'? we said.

egant form as ne wante to the clear moonlight.

"I like him, Cousin Christie; don't you?" said arl, when he had gone.

But Cousin Christie turned away without reply; onging to lay her burning check on the pillow, and nuse over the new and delicious joy that was thrilling her whole heart, and in her sumber to he dreaming her whole heart, and in her sumber to he dreaming." Love's young dream."

g "Love's young dream."
And Willard Drummond, forgetting his vows, for titing Syoil, forgetting honor, forgetting all but is lovely island maiden, songnt his couch with but hame on his heart and lips, "Christie, Christie!" (To be continued—commenced in No. 243.)

OUR usual readers will confer a great favor. by obtaining copies of the Gift Number of the SAT-URDAY JOURNAL (Supplied free by their newsdealer). containing the first three chapters of Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's powerful and thrilling serial romance, "An Awful Mystery," and handing them to such of their friends as are not yet regular readers

## The Beautiful Sphinx:

THE MAN-SPIDER OF WIRTHMOOR. A TALE OF EARLY ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART," "HER-CULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "THE SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE DOUBLE TRAIL GLOOMY was the grief that settled upon

The old and affectionate servants lamented the loss of an indulgent master, and the house was festooned in mourning.

The murder was largely canvassed; it flew to the north and west, and caused a shudder among the people. Famous detectives came down from London to work up the case; the authorities offered heavy rewards for information that would bring to justice the heartless assassin of this aged and feeble gentleman, who ever lived like a pure Christian, a valu able subject, and whose hospitalities were ma

But there was no clue. Only one being in the world could tell the mystery of the deed; and he was madly delirious, tied to his bed, constantly guarded by faithful nurses, while three eminent physicians remained untiringly

The horrible wound inflicted by the timber on the skull of Tyron Wirth, was not a deathstroke. By a miracle, he lived—after a painful and dangerous operation—tho gh the or-deal left him helpless, robbed of memory and reason, a fevered, raving thing that had to be bonded to restrain the excess of his insane pa-

And while the Spider lay thus-not knowing the hand that fed him, nor the voice of his sister who tried to soothe him, nor the encourage ment of the physicians who ministered to him other events progressed at Wirthmoor and in its vicinity.

Grafton Ulster, darkly grave, called upon

Agnes and tendered his condolence. "I sympathize deeply with you, darling, in this hour of affliction," he said, softly, when she came down to receive him. "How sudden, how terrible— Why, you won't kiss me,

Leading her to a sofa, he would have embraced her. But she pushed him gently back. "You are very kind, Grafton; but-don' touch me." What means this cold reception, Agnes?

ought to be welcome in such an hour. "You are, dear Grafton—so you are. I am glad you have come. But, let it be only because of my father's death, please. Do not speak, or remind me in any way, of our love,

"Agnes!" "I cannot think of ourselves now, Grafton More: I—I must tell you something."
"Well?" he inquired, as she paused.

Her eyes, though red with weeping, wer dry now, and there was a look of forced sternness in them.

"We must bury our love, dear Grafton from to-day we must forget each other as wholly as if we had always been strangers. "Agnes! What are you thinking about?" he

exclaimed, in astonishment. "Oh! it is hard, very hard; but I have a duty to perform, a duty far more absorbing than our poor affection—a duty to the dead! "You chill me!" half-interrupted the dark over. "I confess I don't understand at all. What can take precedence to our troth?—what make you forget your vows to me? Agnes-

girl-do not talk this way. hope or happiness, until I have hunted down the foul assassin who drove the knife! "This is foolish. The detectives will attend

to that. "The detectives do not know!" quickly, and with a burning glance. "There is only one erson in the world who can find the man that killed my father: he will never tell the detec ives. The vengeance is his own-and mine He now lies, chained to his bed in madness hovering between life and eternity. But he will recover—the doctors say so: then we will track the murderer!"

Ulster involuntarily shuddered at the girl's rehemence. He had never seen her so stern There was a peculiar ring, a determined accent to her voice, which plainly showed him that Agnes Wirth was something more than

the pliant child he had supposed her to be. And as she announced her resolution to se aside everything while accomplishing her ob ject of revenge, she arose and went to the window, to hide the actual depth of the strong

emotions which governed her. He contemplated her as she stood with her back toward him-a look that was scowling and sharp with rising anger. But his voice did not lose its persuasiveness as he said:

"I had hoped, Agnes, that, with the death of your father, my love would comfort you. would take you to my bosom, and fill your life with so many sweets, that you would almost forget you had ever known a bereavement-Impossible!

And with that single word angering him, destroying whatever prospect of advantage he had drawn upon the occasion, he managed to depart calmly, speaking a soft adieu-and cursed her obstinacy when away from her pre-

"So, she'll not marry till she hunts down the murderer of Roderick Wirth?" he hissed, as he strode in the direction of Ulster Manor. Then she may go to perdition! It'll be a long time, I guess, before she attains her object-and I might as well say good-by to her paby face. The murderer is to be caught and killed by the brother and sister, eh?" with a low, sepulchral laugh.

Another day brought the discovery that Hubert Ulster had fled precipitately from County Sussex, from England, with his negro valet, Azrak, and the course of their going was covered.

To a few, this sudden disappearance appeared suspicious. But what could Hubert Ulster have to do with the assassination of Roderick Wirth? There was not known to exist any open enmity between the men: to the contrary -although Hubert had been first rejected as a suitor by the father, and afterward by Agnes herself—he was always pleasantly, if not cordially, received at Wirthmoor, and had not avowed any harsh feeling toward Roderick Wirth for holding him in poor esteem. Thus it was only food for mere gossip, and the hasty departure did not enlist particular attention,

At the end of two weeks, Tyron Wirth was tentions to the improving patient. Soon he face. was out of bed, and able to move about the Favia Claremont then—ten years after her that had seized him was broken.

transpired in the Labyrinth.

And then, in the lonely solitude of the sick chamber, there was a strange, solemn scene. Brother and sister knelt. The Spider drew his sister close to his breast, and they uttered a vow—a vow to destroy Hubert Ulster, and to devote the whole lease of their lives to the one great object of revenge.

To London. Six months later.

A cab was rolling at great speed toward the Bristol depot to catch the train. As it passed a certain block, its occupant suddenly raised the glass and called out to the man on the box.

"Ho, there! Driver! Halt! stop!"-and when the cab came to a standstill: "Do you see that man yonder?—walking fast ahead of us. Catch him. Quick. His name is Vargas. Address him by it. Bid him come here. Off

The driver leaped from the box to obey, and the occupant of the cab watched him eagerly.

It was Coco Vargas!

Vargas was striding at a goodly pace. had not noticed the cab, nor heard what "Hello-a! Hello-a! Mr. Vargas, I say will stoop there—stoop a bit!" called a voice.

Vargas paused and wheeled. "There's a mon back 'ere as 'd see ye, Mr Vargas, I say. Will 'e coom 'ere a minit'''
"Heh!" snarled the Spaniard, "who are you?
"I'm the driver o' number 9—a gude coach, Will 'e coom 'ere a minit?"

sur. There's a mon't wants ye back there,' and he jerked a thumb toward the stationary "Oh, there is, eh? Another trap. Look out, you rascal!" and he frowned: "no tricks. am the devil to trifle with. Caramba! I am ready for anything. Where is the party who wants Coco Vargas?" and the driver saw him

cock a pistol under his cape as he started toward the cab. "Hello-a! Wot's this 'ere mean, I wonder There's a trouble 'ere, an' 't 'll hurt the name o' number 9. I say, mon, what 'r' 'e goin' to

But Vargas was at the cab door. Ins antly there was a cry, an oath, the pistol racked, and the Spaniard, venting a howl, threw himself inside.

"Ho! Furies of thunder! It is the devil-Ibrahim!" he bellowed, and as he bellowed he gripped the Spider in a deadly hug, for the ullet had missed its aim. "Hold! Hold!" cried the dwarf, as he fell

undermost on the cushions. "Accursed imp! I told you I would live to kill you!" shouted Vargas, clinching his fingers n the throat of the struggling, squirming form "You sent me to the Red Sea, where they tied iron to my heels and put a bag over my head. I was to be drowned like a kitten, hey?"—giv ing the throat a tighter squeeze-"but I got oose. Caramba! I freed my arms and stab bed your hounds while they slept. I am here. I am Coco Vargas, alive, mad for vengeance

Satan-" "Loose my throat, and listen to me, Coco Vargas!" gurgled the strangling Spider, whose ugly face was purpled to hideousness, and hose eyes and tongue were protruding.

See: I am strangling you. Ho! you imp of

The driver, scared nigh out of his wits, and not interfering through a cowardly fear of his own life, banged the cab door shut, clambered to his box, and whipped up the horses. drove wildly, goaded the animals at a fearful rate: his hair stood on end as he made for the nearest police station.

To his utter amazement, when he reached the station and sprung down-with the intention of running into the office and giving a loud alarm-the cab window flew open, and both men cried at once:

"Drive on there, you dog! What are you The driver's astonishment increased when

he saw the two plunge, arm in-arm, into th hustling, hurrying crowd at the depot. He was at a loss to imagine what could have changed these implacable foes-for he had reasonable evidence that they were foes parent good friends who seemed suddenly to have business in the same direction. "A bloody rum pair they be!" he mumbled,

as he turned away. Nor may any one ever know all that passed between the dwarf and the Spaniard. Suffice it, that they became close associates; they pined Agnes Ulster at Bristol, and the departed from the shores of England in the

first packet.

And now we resume our thread in the city of St. Louis, at a date eleven years subsequent to the transaction between Ezrontis, the Jew, and Vargas, the Spaniard, in Cairo, which connects the chain of after-events with the drama and situations of our earlier chapters Back to the Mound City at a time about ten years after the murder in the Laburinth of

> CHAPTER XIX. SPHINX AND TRAILER.

WE follow Coco Vargas, who, the reader remembers, was assaulted, knocked insensible and kidnapped, immediately upon leaving the house of Francoise Ellory, placed in a cab with his enemy, the Sphinx, and borne rapidv southward.

grim statues, with the captured and unconscious Spaniard between them. Favia Claremont, on the opposite seat, was smiling whitely. To a residence on Beaumont street-and here the captive was conveyed to a room in

the third story of the house: a bare, chilly apartment, to which she led the way, and there she flared the lamp ahead excitedly. "Haste!" she ordered. "Strap him down. The men were types of roughness: one, a arse-dressed river-man; the other, a dark skinned, vicious-featured, shabby fellow, whose

eves and hair and cheek-bones told of Indian Two apt villains for the task accom plished, which Favia had secured, without much trouble, to serve her purpose. Near the center of the floor were two stout

iron rings, about a man's length apart, and firmly driven into the joists beneath planking. To these Coco Vargas was made tast, by his wrists and heels, lying prone upon At a sign from Favia, when this was done

the two villains withdrew. The bullet from the pistol fired by Vargas in the gambling saloon, on the previous night, had not left her unmarked, although its wound was not dangerous. A thick bandage round her brow bespoke a scarring furrow beneath. But the mar of the bandage hardly hid her marvelous beauty; only the grinding of hr

fine white teeth, and the angry gleam of her

apartment, when he related to her all that had flight from the Angle of Sussex, Englandwas a vastly different woman. Time, contact with the vices and enmities of the world, besides a nightmare that would haunt her as she struggled here and there, and the imprint of early trials, had shorn the dove of its down and tenderness-creating a character of intrepid mold.

When alone with her prisoner, the man she despised and feared—and who, till within the month past, she had thought was dead—she strode to and fro, muttering in her triumph and in the plan of some furious action.

For a long time Vargas remained motionless in his bonds. The blow he had received from the billy was no gentle one. Perhaps Favia Claremont began to fear that he was killed outright-which, to suit other intentions, she had not wished to occur-for she suddenly advanced to him, and gazed hard into the pale, prostrate face.

But the Spaniard opened his eyes at last. Recovering slowly, he looked up at the woman bending over him. Bewilderment, then consternation, were traced in his countenance; and when he essayed to move in vain—and a harsh, malicious laugh broke from the lips of the Sphinx, as she marked his futile straining—he blurted:

"Furies of thunder! I am tied down!" "Ha! ha! ha! so you are, Coco Vargas, tied, and strapped, and helpless. And, worse yet, you are in the power of Favia Claremont! What think you, now, of trailing the Sphinx?" and again her grating, hollow laugh sounded in the barren room.

Vargas writhed like a hooked serpent.

"Curse these straps!" he roared, in a rage. "Sphinx! wildcat! let me up!"
"Oh, you may squirm, Coco Vargas," she taunted. "You'll find those ropes and rings far stronger than your muscle. I drove them there, only to-day. They were purposely to

hold you. Twist, wriggle, strain, you wretch! it is of no avail. You are at my mercy!"
"Caramba!" bellowed the Spaniard, who was struggling like a madman, and glaring like a pinioned devil up into the face of the triumphant Sphinx.

And as he tugged and jerked, something fell from his pocket. Favia snatched it up. "Ho! give me that!" shouted Vargas, in a spasm of frantic fury. "Drop it! Caramba! don't look at it. Accursed witch! let me loose,

She paid no attention to his ravings. "Oh, if I could but grip you!" he ground through his chattering lips.

Favia had unfolded and was reading the

aper which the ex-ship-captain had given to the Spaniard, when the two met at the liquorshop on Plum street. So, Coco Vargas, I have made a discov-

"Furies eat you!" howled Vargas tigrishly. "I read further," pursued the Sphinx, "and I see you have become a low robber." "Caramba!" "You have run short of money, eh? you must do a little thievery!" continuing her ra-

pid perusal of the manuscript. He gritted an oath Presently Favia refolded the document and placed it in her pocket. A thought seemed to

strike her. "Coco Vargas, I am going to give you a chance for your life."
"Oh, 'a chance for my life'! You are noble-devil of a Sphinx!" with an ironical

"Yes," quick and stern, "for I brought you here to murder you!"
"Ho! you did? And you begin by pinning me down like a bug on a board. I enjoy it! Now you will bleed me to death, eh? Ha! ha!

Be about it. How merry!" but his cheeks blanched as he spoke bravely. "Have I not good cause, Coco Vargas? Is there any reason why I should not strike out "Dear Grafton, listen: my father has been murdered. I can think of nothing, cherish no mirdered. I can think of nothing, cherish no ed me for more than ten years, to stab or shoot me? I have every incentive to kill you where you lie, without a moment for prayer, without heeding your screams for mercy!" and here she stepped closer to his side, with panting breath, a glance of direst fury, hands working, arms spread, and poise of body like a hovering "Favia Claremont, once, was not the woman you see her now. You made her what she is—you! Hunted by you, she was driven to the recourse of setting a man to kill you! To escape this tool, whom she had promised to marry, she was forced to flee from her home, from her inheritance, out into the world, with scarce anything to support her but her witsand these not hardened, ulcerated and born without shame. But I had tasted of crime. had learned deceit, hatred, what it was to talk of murder; in my poverty I grew avaricious, daring, callous-souled. I became a roue. I gambled, bet on races, prize-fights; I cheated, lied, took base advantages, black-mailed, libeled. was a decoy for unprincipled wretches-What a change! Oh, anything to get money! Heaven! when I think of the past, when I was pure and good, and my mother taught me how to pray, and the world looked so bright, my heart bursts! it bursts with agony. Mark how I have strayed; fallen; sunk; step by step! May not people justly despise me? Was I thus in earlier years? tell me, Coco Vargas! When I escaped from the Arabs of the Desert, when I met you in Cairo, when I implored your mercy and aid, and tried to move you with the The two men, Nelson and Grego, sat like tale of my trials, why were you not a man then, instead of so foul a brute? Might not my life have been happy from that time forth? Monster! You made me what I am, I say. In every sting my conscience endures my soul cries for vengeance on you! in my brain is one eternal thought, and that is vengeance on you! I hate you for every

> how I hate you! No relenting, no mercy; toranguish, death! Vile Spaniard, would-be murderer, dread - dread my vengeance! Poor, unfortunate Favia Claremont! Her

wrong I have committed; for every

that stained the purity of my life, I could stab you again and again! Oh, Coco Vargas!" and

here her voice was sharp, shrill-toned, till it

pierced his ears like knives, and burned his

brain to a terror, "I seek revenge!-revenge

brought yo here to kill you, to let you feel

because I am a wreck, and you made me so.

life was, indeed, changed; her lot a wretched "But I say I will give you a chance for your life," continued the Sphinx, who in a moment overed from the outburst of her passion. One chance only. If it does not warn you to beware, then you die. Farewell for a time:

Remember, you can not escape!" The eyes of the Spaniard were of a glossy glare. Rage and terror set a seal of ice on his compressed lips.

A second she paused to look at him-a meeting of the eyes of foes whose hatred seethed as beyond the crisis of his rever. The delirium eyes—telling of strong and terrible passion— unrelaxing as eternal fires; then she left him, subsided and Agnes redoubled her arduous at in contrasted with the natural loveliness of her locking the door after her.

With the closing of the door, the cold spell

# ESPANATION ROUNDING -ESP

help! or I shall beat my own brains out! I am

And while the dismayed Vargas roared and shouted, he bumped the back of his head on blood-vessels seemed ready to rupture. But suddenly he desisted. He heard a sound like Coco Vargas?"

"Hey?" exclaimed the Spaniard, striving to glance round toward the window, but prevented by his bonds. "Who is that? Caramba!

A noise like a leap from the window-sill, followed by a light step; then a man stood over

Ho! The Devil! It is the model-maker!" he cried, in astonishment, as he recognized Gilbert Montrose, whom he had not seen since he resided in Cairo, near eleven years before. "Hush!" said Montrose, frowning. "I have

come to liberate you."
"Excellent!" and Vargas brightened wonderfully. "Clip off these bonds then, sir mo-

del-maker; you are an admirable fellow!"
"It was fortunate that I saw the cab and the parties that captured you on Elliott avenue. I was just about to enter the house of Francoise Ellory, whom I love-

"Whom you love?" echoed Vargas, amazed.
"Ho! I love her myself. Furies of thunder!
Francoise Ellory is not for you!" and he rolled his eyes as he stared upward at the model-Montrose smiled, grimly.

"Coco Vargas, your life is in danger. I am the only person who can save you. Upon two conditions I will set you free." "'Conditions'! What are the conditions?"

"First, you must swear never to aspire to the hand of my Francoise-" "Your Françoise! Caramba!"
"Second, you must swear that, forever in

the future, you will shun Favia Claremont, and utterly set aside your vow to destroy her."
"Caramba!" sputtered the helpless Vargas,
again. "How can I do that? Sphinx! Sor-

ceress! I hate her!' "I once loved Favia Claremont, and I judged her wrongly, which I have regretted. I saw enough of her, though, while looking in through that window, to make me care nothing for her now. Still I would be humane, and

shield her from your merciless enmity. "If you loved her once, love her again. Marry her. Clear out with her. I will not trouble her. So, help me out of this fix at

"You have heard my proposition," said Gilbert Montrose, folding his arms and calmly surveying the Spaniard. "Swear that you will give up all hopes of marrying Francois Ellory, and leave St. Louis within a week; swear, too, that you will no longer pursue Favia Claremont. It is life or death to you.

"Françoise! my adored Françoise!" groaned Vargas. "But, no matter"—and his voice sharpened-"get me clear of this, and I promise what you ask.

"Swear it!" insisted Montrose; and as h spoke he knelt down and placed a cross-hilted dagger to the lips of Coco Vargas. "Swear by the Virgin, by your hopes of salvation, by Heaven and earth, your heart, your body, your soul, your sight, and by the sign of this holy cross! Swear!"
"I swear it by all!" growled Vargas, who

repeated after him the conditions of his free

The next instant the dagger, the cross he had kissed and sworn by, sundered the cords and straps that bound him, and he sprung to his feet with an oath.

In a twinkling they clambered from the window to the shedding of the bath-house thence to a stout grape-rack-soon they were upon the street. The Spaniard paused not to thank his de-

liverer, nor did he hear the reminder which Gilbert Montrose hallooed after him.

"Remember your oath! or beware my ven-geance, Coco Vargas!" called Montrose; and he hurried away in the gloom. Vargas was heading for the den of Jean

Banquo He had not gone far before he met a mannot that there was anything remarkable in the mere fact—but this man stepped directly in front of him, and tapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

Hello, fellow! who the dogs are you?" he growled, surly and snappish. "I'm Davie, and you're Coco Vargas. Know me? Well, I've been scouring round ever since dark, hunting for you. This here's

a most lucky 'find,' by crackey! Oh, you are Davie? You are 'one of us'?" and Vargas became familiar also. "You've been searching for me—for what, now?"

"Well, we've had a sort of accident. Guess you an' me'll have to fix that 'ere bank business by ourselves.

"What do you mean by that?" "Captain Baxter was run over by a heavy wagon, just about dark, on Plum street. Guess he must 'a' been drunk, somehow. But that ain't just exactly it. You see he's hurt mighty bad, an', thinkin' he's goin' to die, he's rollin' on the bed and talkin' about ministers an' such " Ministers! Caramba!"

"He sort of acts like he wants to make a confession-"A confession! Santissima! he will ruin

us! The ruffian nodded. "And where is he? What have you done with him? "Locked him into his room—an' here's the

key."
"Good! Let us get to him," and, to him self, as the ruffian nodded again and led the way: "A confession! Caramba! not if I can help it-the dog! Ho! a fine mess he'd make of it. I'll stop his mouth."

He strode after the man, in the direction of the house where their crippled pal was confined. But the forthcoming confession of this Captain Baxter was vastly different from what the two men anticipated—they reasonably supposing that he meant to divulge his with them in the plot against the Merchants' Bank.

Retiring to another apartment, after leaving her captive enemy, Favia Claremont found her two tools awaiting her.

"It is well done," she said. "Now then, one more task before I pay you."

She seated herself at a small desk, and wrote

Sealing the note and addressing it, she handed it, together with the document she had taken from Vargas, to Nelson, the long-

Take this, instantly, to the chief of police, or to any other of the authorities. When you return, I will have your pay ready for you, Go-and hasten.

And when she was alone:

has learned that the Sphinx can deal with him—if, then, he persists in hounding on my track, I will shoot him down at first sight! shouted, he bumped the back of his head on the floor till his teeth rattled, strained till his blood-vessels seemed ready to rupture. But whole month. Fool that I was to imagine he could not penetrate my mask! But he is in the raising of a window-sash; then there was a strange voice, that called lowly:

my power now. And so, Coco Vargas, the Sphinx has turned upon you at last; you have trailed her to your own destruction, instead of hers!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 237.)



#### AMOR VINCIT.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

Tantalizing weakness!
Spell-bound—oh, for shame!—
By a pair of blue eyes
Lit by love's bright flame! How should I be stricken

By two love-lit eyes?
I, so philosophic,
I, so wondrous wise? I, by pride elated, Never dreamt, oh, no! That a woman's fancy Could my will subdue.

I to care for woman!
Who the sex abhorred;
Wondered what was in them
That could be adored:

Took them for pert triflers; Painted butterflies; Giddy laughers; mock-heroic, Empty entities:

Laughed at tender glances, Sneered at heaving sighs, Looked on declarations But as gilded lies:

Watched the gaudy shadows In my stoic pride: Smiled at their endeavors Empty heads to hide.

Heartiest welcome smile they On the rich man's son; Noses turn up at him When the play is done.

Pledging at the altar Love that knows no dearth; Making of the fireside But a hell on earth—

Woman!—I have called her Quintessence of ill— But to turn and kill;

Golden, roseate apple, Core but poisoned ash; Hollow, heartless nothing, Born to lies and flash.

I had watched the mother School her bright-eyed girl How to lace her bodice, How adjust a curl.

She, a willing pupil, Scarcely needeth art; Mother Nature's taught her Well to play her part;

And I thought that never Girl would be to me More than painted picture, Pretty, true, to see!

Vase of Nature's carving, Wondrous piece of art, Study for a sculptor, Thing without a heart!

And yet two tiny feet, Pattering along ause my heart to beat like Drum in battle's throng.

Magnet ne'er was pole-witched More than witched am I By the mellow luster Of a beaming eye.

And I would not give my Love for all the loves Ever turned half-crazy Wiser heads than Jove's.

## She Who Dared

BY LUCILLE C. HOLLIS.

There was no irreverence in the tone or the words. They were wrung from Cuba Henseigh's lips by bewildering agony of feeling. There was intense astonishment, an anguished moan of love, a mad, passionate protestation against a bitter fate, mingled in that forcible half-suppressed cry. Then Cuba sat very still and looked out into the dusk, and at the man whom she loved with all the intensity and unchangeableness of which the real passion is capable

Quite motionless she sat at the window, be side the forward door; as motionless as when before, half dreamily, she had watched the twilight deepen in the wooded chasms, and along the rocky ledges, when the train was flinging itself onward with thundering reverberations. But no longer she heeded the moonlight sifting through the forest treetops and shimmering down upon the valley lakes, nor the stars coming out so pale and soft far above the noisy engine, nor the clouds of steam that lighted up so gorgeously when the fire-man opened the doors to the fire under the

It was while those doors were open, and the glare of the fire had paled the moonbeams. that a man had come through the car, gone out of the door at Miss Hensleigh's side, and stood full in the red gloom.

He was a supple, well-shaped man, despite his coarse attire and blue-checked blouse; a handsome-faced man under the soot with which he was begrimed and the slouched hat drawn low over his forehead. He lifted one of the buckets from the tender, dipped it in the tank of water, and, placing it in front of him on the car platform, washed hands and face, all unconscious that within the half-dark and almost-deserted car one passenger watched him with face white as the dead and the

stony motionlessness of a statue.
"He, Dyce Meade," Cuba Hensleigh was thinking, "'the pride of Yale,' a common brakeman! Can the world be ruled by anything but fate? Can there be a God, to permit such injustice? He is as innocent of any crime as the purest soul upon whom these

moonbeams fall! Ay! she thought this, she believed it, and

she loved him! But she never moved when he threw away the water, flung the painted bucket back in the tender, and came through the car, passing so near her that some of the drops from his hands fell upon her dark silk suit. She was thinking of when she had looked last on his face—raised to hear the verdict of the jury.

"Not proven." Only that! How well her aching heart understood the haunted agony in his blue eyes, the spasm of pain that flitted like a pale shadow over his pain that flitted like a pale shadow over his face, the momentary writhing of his firm hands. life and work of any worth is unattainable! That, innocent though he was, he could welcome No, let me be!"

"Ho! Caramba! I shall be killed! You Sphinx! murderess! Let me out of this! Help! his life. If, when he has served in jail, and life ruined, disgraced. If he had but looked across to where she sat, in her mourning-dress, and seen the trust, the love, the pleading, in her eyes. But no! he went away without one word. And now-after two years-here he was; and she had not made herself known to him, though he had passed so near her that she had but to lift her hand to lay it on his arm.

The engine gave a wild shriek; the cars groaned, and plunged, and were still; the voice of a brakeman-not Dyce Meade's-shouted the name of the station. "Consella Manor!"

Miss Hensleigh looked through the dim car, then went out, and away from the man she oved as she knew she never could love another. The cars steamed onward. Strong hands placed her in a waiting carriage and prancing norses bore her away from the lonely little depot along the moonlighted road to the Manor

-the stately Consella mansion. "I am astonished at your coming up alone, on this late train," said Cecil Consella, as they eaned against the softly-cushioned seats. "Not very late," answered Miss Hensleigh, coolly; "only half-past eight."

"And you haven't said why you stayed?" "And you have not asked."
"I do now, then. Did you not know that my mother would worry about you?"

"Very kind, but very unnecessary," said Miss Hensleigh, indifferently. "My lawyer was out of town, and, as I was obliged to wait, business delayed me. Of course you enjoyed the most think "I have " joyed the party to lake Echo."

"Without you?"
"Why not? I never trouble myself to be anything beyond intensely disagreeable. "To me, no!" and Cecil laughed a little satirically, "but it makes no difference, Cuba. You know me well enough to have learned that my love for you is not influenced in the

least by your assumed indifference. Cuba shivered slightly. It could not have been from the effects of the black eyes that gleamed down on her so fiercely, resolutely, triumphantly, for she was not looking at them; it could not have been the chill of the clear September night, for he had wrapped a splendid tiger-skin about her silks. But over this girl Cecil Consella had a strangely magnetic She hated him, and took no trouble to conceal the fact, yet circumstances made him her constant companion, and she had no power to repel his attentions. She felt and dreaded his influence over her, but yielded to

Cecil, watching her intently, continued "You know that I am determined to have you for my wife. That I ask no higher honor. no happier future, than to devote my life to you. May I not consider matters settled, and tell them all at home, tell aunt Hensleigh, that you are my betrothed?

He passed his arm about her, and forced her to look in his face. "Cecil, release me instantly! and take your

"Very well; if you choose to coquette a lit-tle longer, I am patient. It will all amount to the same in the end," and he freed her with

Would it amount to the same in the end? Miss Hensleigh asked herself the question with a horrible feeling of powerlessness to contend against the odds that were in Cecil Consella's favor: the wishes of her aristocratic family and his; the inferences that society had already drawn; her inherited caste pride and dread of notoriety; his strange will-power over her; notoriety; his strange win-power over her, and the hopelessness of his ever abandoning his resolves. Instinctively she had learned that Cecil, despite his earnest wooing, sought her for neither love nor money. Why then her for neither love nor money. Why then was he determined to marry her? Often she tried to analyze his motives and her own fears. Never with more despair than this evening, when the old love was flooding her heart, and she realized how impregnable were the barri-

ers set between her and it. "Cuba, off this morning? Where?" Cecil sauntered down late and met his cousin in the

all, in traveling attire. You a descendant of Eve?" cried Miss Hensleigh, with a finished bow, a smile, and a faint, irritating flavor of sarcasm, as she passed on

"Curse her!" muttered Cecil. "The sooner I make her my wife, and tame her, the better. Her hatred of me isn't safe, and I cannot comprehend it." "Dyce! Mr. Meade!"

The late train had almost reached its destination. Only two stations more, and the next was Consella Manor. The handsome brake man-who only went on the early and late trains—had finished his ablutions, and was assing through the cars, when a nam greeted him which he had not heard in a weary timeages as it seemed to him; not since it had been

branded as the name of a murderer.

And the voice! It blanched his face colorless; it struck him motionless, dumb, and for a moment Miss Hensleigh could hear the beating of her frightened heart above the clatter the iron-wheeled cars. It was she who broke forth in an agonized voice: "Have you no word to say to me? Are you

not glad to see me?" The words stung him to fierce speech "Glad to see you? Great God! How can you torture me se? You, the last mortal in the world I would meet!" A terrible affright and horror gathered in

Miss Hensleigh's gray eyes.
"Surely you do not mean—you cannot have gone away because— Dyce, tell me! tell

"Miss Hensleigh, if I were a guilty man, would I speak to you at all? They have not made you believe this?"

"Never!" She breathed freely again, and a faint flicker of color leaped to her white face as she understood, now, how intensely her passion was reciprocated. But it receded, with a throb of agony that made her whole frame quiver, as she looked into the pallid face above her—the pain-haunted blue eyes—and remem-bered that to both it could be but a life-long orture. But even the fact that she was a Hensleigh, and Dyce but a brakeman, a man branded with a crime that should have made intercourse between them impossible, could not make her leave him thus. They were fast nearing the station. She put her hand on the ne that clenched the seat in front of her, and held it there a moment, detaining him.

lieve in your innocence! Prove to the world that you are so! Go back, and compel men to recognize, and esteem, and honor you!" The warm, earnest words scarce moved the

'Dyce, as I believe in a God above us, I be-

man from his apathy. "It would be of no avail; no one would ever believe in me."

"I believe in you, Dyce!" "Oh, God! I almost wish you hated me! It only makes it harder to bear; makes me more content to abide by this death in life that I

The whistle shrieked a "put on brakes," but Miss Hensleigh's hand closed forcibly on his, and she said, steadily, with all the pride of the Hensleighs in her clear, honest voi

"I will not let you be until I have said, Dyce, go back to the world and work for my

He rushed to his brakes. The train slackened, and Miss Hensleigh came out. Silently he gave her his hand to the platform, then, in the darkness, raised it to his lips, and whispered:
"Cuba, it cannot be! I will never ruin your life. I love it far beyond the worth of my own. I will not be even tempted again. Forget me—good-by—it is till death!"

The train was gone; the red glare of the engine lay along the track rods away, and Cecil Consella was leading his cousin to the car-

Late again to-night, my darling.

She did not see the lurid fires in his eyes, did not heed the contradictory and unusual tenderness of his words. It needed all her powers to force herself to calmness, not dreaming that Cecil Consella had kept close espionage over her that day.

He put her in the carriage, she shivering

slightly.
"It is very cold to-night." He essayed to wrap a tiger-skin about her, but she took it from him, drew it about her shoulders, and leaned back in the furthest cor-

ner of the seat.
"Why so distrait this evening, sweet cousin?" "I am very weary."
"Then find rest," he laughed, putting his

arm about her. "Cecil, touch me if you dare!" she cried, an-

"Not very cousinly," he said, prisoning her ands. "Not very like my betrothed." Miss Hensleigh straightened, haughtily. hands.

"Why waste breath to mention an impossi bility? But it is not an impossibility! You know it is only a question of time as to when the betrothal made in our childhood shall be consummated. I've been talking to aunt Hensleigh, to-day, and as I intend spending the winter in Paris, we have agreed the wedding shall be next month. Of course mother and the girls are delighted, and all you have to do is to

hasten arrangements He spoke so calmly, so assuredly, with that compelling magnetic gaze willing her to obe-dience, that Cuba almost cried out in her wretchedness and terror.

With marvelous power she revolted against the dread influence, and replied, decidedly:
"Though the heavens may fall, I will not be compelled to marry a man I hate and despise as I do you, Cecil Consella!"

His eyes blazed with rage, and he answered, hotly:
"You shall never marry the man you love! You dare not give your hand to your brother's murderer! You dare not outrage the names of Hensleigh and Consella by such an alliance! Thank Heaven that I am willing to stoop to

save you from the disgrace your low amoun would bring upon you, if any knew it but Anger mated anger in Miss Hensleigh's an-

swer.
"Cecil Consella, my cousin though you are, you shall live to rue the day you spoke such vords to me!"

The forests, in their changing glory, hung damp and glistening, the mists curled in white wreaths over the valleys, the sun crept slowly up a path of crimson flames, as over the de wet rails, through rocky cuts, and under the wooded hillsides, flew Dyce Meade's train. His place was at the rear brakes, and as the train halted, and plunged away again, at Consella Manor, he watched the little depot with hungry, despairing eyes. He would never see it again. For her sake—the sake of the woman

he worshiped-he must this day flee to some distant place. The train sweeps around a curve, Consella Manor fades from view, and the cars rush along a gravel track with white bluffs on either ide. Something dark sweeps to Mead's vision. He sees a woman clinging with almost super-human power, with almost surety of instant leath, to the iron rail of his platform. With one hand he swings to the last step, puts the other strong arm about the swaying figure, lifts her to safety, and flings himself, pale and

reathless, by her side. He speaks first, with one only thought.

'Thank God! you are safe! How dared you do it, Cuba?" "I dare do anything," she answered, passionately, with cheeks suddenly kindling to flame. You will think so, perhaps will despise me, when I tell you why I thus risked my life." Her head drooped, her voice died to a whisper.

I want you to marry me.' "Merciful heavens! Impossible! Why empt a man beyond power of mortal endurance. I cannot do it."

"You must!" "You do not know what you are saying, Cuba. I, a man poor and in public opinion infamous, criminal, marry you-rich, aristo cratic, the sister of the man for whose death I have been tried? All the powers of heaven

and earth forbid such a union!" "Earth, Dyce, not heaven, Listen! You shall hear me! I have risked life, nay, what is of a thousand times more value, maidenly honor, to ask this favor of you. You are in-nocent, and we love each other. Will you not save me from the miserable fate of marrying man that I despise?"

"I must not! I must not!" Great drops of agony stood on the man's brow, though he had an endurance that was almost divine. "Then I will fling myself from this plat-

form! I can die, but I can never marry Cecil "Cecil Consella! Perdition! Has that fiend asked you to be his wife?

"Yes. We were betrothed by our parents in childhood, and he and our friends are resolved that I shall marry him. My mother reuses all intercourse with me if I disobey. Dyce, white as a corpse, touched his lips to

her forehead and opened the door. "Go in, my wife. Miss Hensleigh obeyed the words and motion; and, well-nigh dead with the terrible fatigue that her deed and excitement had wrought, sunk wearily in a seat to think of what she had done—she, heiress to five hun-

dred thousand, and daughter of one of the haughtiest families of the State. Did ever a woman dare more to marry the

man she loved? Something moved in the seat in front of Cuba. A little child flung aside a dark man-tle, and sat upright, looking frightenedly around, his red lips quivering, and his sturdy

voice calling:
"Uncle Dye! Uncle Dye!" Meade was coming through the car. He took the little one in his arms and sat down beside Miss Hensleigh. The lady gazing at the two faces in wonderment.

"Dyce, I must be dreaming," she said, bewilderedly; "surely there never were two faces so much alike as this child and Neale's."

"It is Neale's boy. "I-do not-understand you."

"Listen, then. You have a right to hear the While Neale was in college he fell desperately in love with a poor girl whom he privately married. It was the very night of Neale's death that she died. I was the only one who knew his secret, so I cared for the child. I loved Neale, and it gave me something to live for."

"Why did you never let us know?"
"Mrs. Hensleigh might not have cared to own the little one.

"Was not the girl respectable?" "Oh! yes, and gentle, and pretty; here is

He drew an old-fashioned chain from beneath the little one's dress, that Cuba recognized as one her brother had worn on his watch when a boy, and handed Miss Hensleigh the open locket.

At sight of it a cry escaped her. "Dyce! Dyce! what does this mean? Tell me the truth! Cecil Consella wears this picture, always. His locket has a secret spring. I happened once to touch it. There was this face, and the name—Ella."

"Cecil loved her first. I suppose, madly and truly. He went traveling, in the mean time supported her, and was to marry her on his return. While he was away, Neale met, and

loved her, and married her. "And Cecil hated Neale for it?"
"Perhaps so."

"You shall not evade me! Why did you call Cecil Consella a fiend? I have strange thoughts. Is it possible—can it be—that my cousin was Neale's murderer?"

"There are few proofs." "Answer me!" she cried, her eyes ablaze.

You think so?" Yes."

"Why?" "When Cecil came home he sought Ella, who had long been silent. She gave him back his money and presents, and told him whose wife she was. He took a terrible oath that Neale's life should repay the treachery of cousin and sweetheart. That night this child was born, its mother died, and Neale was shot. Only an old grandmother lived with Ella, and even she did not know the girl's real name. So it was not until after the trial that I learned of Ella's death and the circumstances which previously transpired. Then I had some light upon Neale's mysterious death, and knew why Cecil Consella had suggested my arrest and

trial.' Miss Hensleigh asked, with stern, white face.
"I had no hope of ever winning you, and how could I believe that any suit of mine could be successful against the wealth of the Con-

sellas? The train thundered into the city depot. At Miss Hensleigh's command, Dyce summoned a carriage and put her in.

"I have some business which I must attend," she explained, leaning toward him. "I will send you a note to-day or to-morrow, appointing a time and place for our marriage ceremony. You will abide by my arrangements?"

"I will, Cuba. Not pride—nothing but death—shall stand between us now."

A carriage dashed to the entrance of the Consella mansion, and three men sprung to the veranda. They asked for Mr. Cecil Consella. When he appeared they arrested him for the murder of his cousin, Neale Hensleigh.

If dire confusion had reigned at Cuba's flight it was intensified now that the haughty young owner was driven away under such a terrible That night Cuba Hensleigh visited her cousin in prison. What passed between them

none ever knew; but surely his dreaded influ-ence over her must have passed away. The morning papers carried far and wide, through the country, a card, signed with Cecil Consella's name, freeing Dyce Meade from the stigma Only that: but the next day he had borne. they recorded the marriage of Dyce Meade and Cuba Hensleigh, in St. Stephen's church. A few weeks later, an item in those same papers told of the suicide of Cecil Consella.

## The Letter-Box.

"Kit" (Charleston) writes:
"A lady whom I met at a soiree, and found a most greeable companion, invited me to call upon her. did so, and had a very pleasant time, and should njoy seeing her often; but she gave me no invitation to come again. What inference ought I to raw? Would it do for me to pay her another isit?"

Probably the lady gave you no further invitation to call because she considered her first invitation sufficient to give you license as a caller ather he me, and thought it unnecessary to repeat it at each visit. If she treated you cordially, you can certainly venture a second call, and you can determine from her manner whether your company is agreeable to her as hers is to you.

BROWN BELLE (Fitchburg, Mass.):
Cleanse your teeth carefully after each meal with a brush and cold water. Twice a day—after dinner and before retiring—pass a bit of white silk between all your teeth to remove any secreted substances; the mouth being a warm place, any food, especially animal food, decays there very rapidly. Spools of intwisted, unglossed silk, called dental floss, preared purposely for this use, can be procured at any dental depot. Once or at the most twice a week use powder upon the teeth; let it always consist of the finest "prepared chalk," flavored with some harmless essence, as wintergreens, to disguise the chalky taste; use no other dentifrice.

Wilbur J. (Vineland, N. J.) writes:

some narmiess essence, as wintergreens, to disguise the chalky taste; use no other dentifrice.

Wilbur J. (Vineland, N. J.) writes:

"A lady promised to ride with me a certain evening. Circumstances prevented the fulfilling of the engagement. Meeting her shortly after, I remarked that I would call for her one evening the early part of the following week, and she replied pleasantly that she should expect me. Tuesday evening I called. The lady excused herself from going, because a gentleman visitor was present, unexpectedly, she said, but at the invitation of the gentleman at whose house she was stopping. Ought she not to have kept her engagement with me?"

If you asked her to ride with you Tuesday evening, and she promised to consider herself engaged for that evening, she should have gone, excusing herself to the visitor on the plea of a previous engagement. But if you set no special evening, she was right in considering herself bound to entertain the guest her host had invited, even though you happened to call.

"YANKEE BOY" (Meriden, Conn.) writes:

the guest her host had invited, even though you happened to call.

"YANKEE BOY" (Meriden, Conn.) writes:
"I loved a lady very dearly, and we were engaged. Lately she has refused to acknowledge the engagement, and says I shall never see her azain unless I will meet her as a mere acquaintance, and desires our correspondence to end. Forced to recept the situation, I desire a return of my letters, offering to return hers promptly. She refuses to send me mine, and says she does not wish hers returned; I can do with them as I choose. How can I make her give back my letters?"

In no manner thoroughly gentlemanly. We do not blame you for wishing to recover them from the hands of a woman who has proved herself so entirely false and unladylike, but if they are the outpourings of a true, honest affection, you need not be ashamed or afraid of them. Retain her letters, and some day she may care to exchange; if not, you can defy any injury she would do you with a "new love" by candidly avowing your former passion.

NETTIE L. (Cheneyville):
Yes, the "reports" you refer to report correctly. Among the many vagaries of fashion which will be in vogue during the coming season are belts and pockets made of wood, "veneered" in the same way as a writing desk or card-table. They are certainly unique and elegant, but perhaps rather too striking to suit the taste of the very fastidious.





Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United ates and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it Terms to Subscribers:

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full ate, County and Town. The paper is always stepped, promptly, piration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late num

American postage,
[237 All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business
should be addressed to
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK,

#### In Mr. Albert W. Aiken's INJUN DICK;

The Death Shot of Shasta, To start in the next issue of the JOURNAL, we present a tale of California life of marvelous interest. A sequel to the celebrated "Overland Kit," "Rocky Mountain Rob," and "Kentuck, the Sport," it closes the career of that

A Stranger Character the Whole Range of American Fiction does not present.

wonderful man, Dick Talbot.

A mountain robber, yet a man endowed with the instincts of a gentleman; a gambler, yet governed by principles of honor; a quick enemy, but a sublime friend; a relentless avenger, but a singularly gentle protector; hunted, outlawed, a terror, yet living among men in impenetrable disguise: this is Dick Tal-

A man only possible in California, where human nature has its most extraordinary development!

He is a type—a representative of a class, and in these stories stands out, a clearly-cut original, whose career is equally typical of the condition of things which even yet has not disappeared in the great mountain ranges and the lonely gulches. In

#### INJUN DICK;

THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA,

Mr. Aiken presents a fitting climax to the man's wild and anomalous life. Once more disguised, he is, in this story, apparently a wholly new and unknown adventurer, and yet is the untamable tiger, in pursuit of the enemies by whose acts his life was rendered a living sorrow. With this episode in his career come several new and genuinely Californian characters:

Mack, the Mountain Stage-Driver, Old Ugly, the Inveterate Gamester, Sandy Rocks, the Hunter-Miner, Judge Bob Candy, the Referee, Brown, the Clear-grit Sharp, Patrice, the Landlord's Daughter.

Nelly, the Old Gamester's Daughter, and with these two, whose reappearance will give new zest to their unique exploits, viz.:

The Man from Red Dog, Joe Bowers, the Bummer,

both of whom are creations who will stand as originals not likely soon to be forgotten. Among all these moves the mysterious Cherokee, while at intervals flashes before them, in some wild deed of revenge,

The Dread White Rider! whose appearance always signaled the death of one or more men.

Little by little the drama unfolds, and when the denouement comes, we have a revelation that is startling, and a close that is sublime.

No serial of recent years will compare with this in essential interest. Each chapter is a novelty of act and personalty. Each episode is a picture such as Bret Harte himself might have been proud to paint; and the whole gives a story which once read will be remembered as something

WEIRD-LIKE, STRANGE AND ENTHRALLING!

### The Arm-Chair.

A LADY contributor, speaking of matters literary, says: "As I get older I become more diffuse in my style, and find it difficult to abbreviate," etc., etc.

Which is not an encouraging prospect for publishers, who demand what is graphic; and it is not the proper order of progress. As authors grow in practice the study should be to attain a clear, concise and graceful stylewhich a suffusion of adjectives, and diffusion of conjunctions, and effusion of figures of

fancy never can become.

To use six words for expressing an idea or fact when five well-chosen words make a clearer and more impressive impression is one of the common mistakes of journalists and literateurs. It only goes to show the wretched neglect of elementary instruction in our schools. A teacher who teaches precision in expression is a rare sight to see in "common" or "high" schools, while the greatest adepts in diffuse and redundant talk are your college professors.

Men found scholarships, donate immense sums to endow a favorite college, bestow benefactions on libraries and art galleries, but of all the long list of such beneficiaries not one has given a cent to directly encourage the correct use of their own language. Won't some one, having more money than his relatives can conscientiously accept, lay aside enough to found a Professorship of Common Sense and Good English in any one of our millionaire He will doubtless be voted a "visionary," but a race of boys will rise up and

"IF you do not use the sketch," writes a contributor, "please inform me by postal card and I will send postage for return."

This is just what we ought not to be asked to do. To comply compels us to correspond with the author, to lay aside the Ms. for preservation, to await a future order, and, when it comes, to overhaul the Mss, and pass it over to the mail clerk for return. Or, if the stamps don't come, there is the Ms. to keep on hand for weeks, or months, subject to order.

Business compels the final disposition of manuscripts, by the editor, the moment they are accepted or declined. When once the contribution has passed his hands, he cannot, without inconvenience and loss of time, recur to it again. Hence the request made of every writer for the press: "Those who wish their de-clined contributions returned must have stamps nclosed for such return. No manuscript can be held for future order."

If contributors only would accept this as final, it would save the editor a deal of trouble, and preserve many a manuscript from destruc-tion—put into the waste-basket, after reading and rejection, because the editor cannot be bothered about it again.

#### Sunshine Papers.

Ruminations-Caninely. Major—not Major Somebody, only Major—was a dog; a nice dog, too. A Newfound-

—was a dog; a nice dog, too. A Newfound-land—large, and glossy, and shaggy, with a face that looked as if he knew something. Oh, such a superior dog to Mrs. Brainless' shivering, snapping little spaniel, and Miss Follie's nasty, red-eyed poodle!

Major was a chance acquaintance. He used to pop out from a house I was forced to pass daily, and trot by my side some distance.

I hate dogs! (with due deference to your memory I say it, Major.)

memory I say it, Major.)

I never indulge in anticipatory worryings concerning any other death, but I can not beguile myself into thinking I could endure hydrophobia philosophically. But, if ever I have it, may I not get it from a poodle, but from a dog that is a dog (was, rather; he's dead now, poor fellow!) like Major. That is what I used to think when Major first frightened me into a design to screen by honoring me with his establishment. desire to scream, by honoring me with his espionage. But after a time we got to know each other so well, Major and I, that I could give him quite a calm greeting of a morning, and almost a cheerful one when the train was late, and, walking home in the lusk, he would meet me half-way and stay by my side a few

One night I was later than usual, alone, and the evening stormy. I was really glad when I reached the house where Major abode and he came pattering out to me. We had not gone far when a form loomed through the darkness and nearly reeled against me. Instinctively I put my hand upon Major's head. At that moment my hatred of dogs and fears of hydrophobia were insignificant compared to my horror of a drunken man and dread of reason ruled by alcoholic fiends. The man halted and uttered a curse; the dog crouched low, with a warning growl. My vis-a-vis hurried away, and Major escorted me quite home, hold-

ing a bit of my dress in his mouth.

Always after that he was waiting at the depot, took hold of my dress, and walked to my

In the winter I only saw Major weekly. One Saturday, stopping a moment to pat him, I learned from a boy at the gate that my canine cavalier had done more than growl at a drunken man. He had saved his mistress' little girl from drowning under the treacherous ice

Toward spring I missed Major. Making inquiries, I learned that a butcher had killed the

dear gazelle," etc., and dropped a tear, had I been sentimental; but instead, I reflected one dog that cannot give me hydrophobia." And vet, Major, old fellow, with all my dread of your race, I acknowledge that they have many good qualities. I remember your good deeds reverently, and recall what a comfort your presence was to me occasionally. Sometimes, now, when I feel a shiver of fear creep over me at the approach of some canine specimen, I remember you, and say a pleasant word to the animal for your sake. The larger

Oh, Major! did not you yourself dislike the ittle dogs? The hateful, barking, snapping, diminutive curs that rush at one's heels and

the dog the easier the task; but the little

perate one noisily? No, you did not. I recall a scene when a eoxcombical little cur sought to annoy and prow-beat you with his egotistical parade and noise. You walked along as if equally calmly unconscious of his presence and that he was backbiting you, which he certainly was, for I saw him give several vicious nips at your heels. But let me tell you, Major, had you been a scale or two higher in the animal kingdom, could you have walked on two feet and spoken "The king's English," (with or without regard to Richard Grant White), you would not have been so sublimely indifferent. At least, I'm afraid you would not have been; for, Major, it is exceedingly hard for individuals to pass by the annoyances of little dogs as you were

wont to pass them by.
Old fellow, was it a consciousness of superior worth, of unassailable reputation, that the curs sought to attract attention to themselves by noisily berating you, that the very reason they barked was because they dared not bite, that made you so grandly calm?

Ah! you are powerless to make the truth known; but that it was, beyond doubt. And, Major, I wish there were thousands of men and women like you, old fellow-kind in heart, brave in deed, calmly superior to the maliciousnesses of brainless fops and narrowminded, carping critics. I do believe there are a few. And may we all, the owners and oppressors of your race, like you, treat with supreme indifference, kind pity even, those

who seek to annoy and injure us!
Yes; by a life devoted to the acquiring of worthful habits, Christian graces, an honor able name, a consciousness of rectitude, we can bear calumny calmly and pity those who stain their hands with mud with which they would fain soil us.

That is a lesson worth learning, Major! How glorious it would be if every girl and boy who sends Fido to "fetch a stick," and teaches Prince to "shake hands," would comprehend it and aim through school life and after graduation into the beau monde, politics, and on 'change, to be beyond the bite and su perior to the bark of the small dogs of society. Not that all small dogs are of that one class. There are the curled, bedecked, blanketed little poodles!

Aren't they disgusting, Major? But I despise their enervated, shallow, soulless mistresses even more than I do the little beasts! (I record that, Major, from a desire to be just to all your kinship.

The women who roll along in their carriages, their pampered pets blanketed and cuddled upon their laps, and just a stone's throw away are little hollow-eyed babes, white and ghastly for want of nourishment; their tiny limbs pinched with cold under their scant covering; their heavy lids drooping over glassy eyes that look in vain for maternal care and food; their nurse some little brother or sister, itself almost a babe: mother meanwhile toils ten weary hours daily to keep a wretched shelter over the little ones' heads. If the dames of favoring fortune could see these sights as I have seen them, Major, think you they would lavish their scores of dollars on costly pets to be fed with bon-bons and wrapped in shawls, while little soul-endowed children, precious jewels of genius, mayhap, starv-

Let us hope not! Let us hope not! Major, dog though you were, you could teach many a lesson to us your superiors,

"He was killed for stealing!" Yes, my dear sir, your sarcastic reminder of my hero's sad fate is correct; he was! Perhaps, sir, you are a statesman of unblemished character; Major's character was stainless until the unlucky day of his demise; then be careful that you die not under a Credit Mobilier scandal!

Even in Major's death we learn: none of the earth earthy are above temptation: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### SOME FOLKS I KNOW.

I know a certain young female who actually makes the boast that she has never done any kind of work for a living; that she has never had to sweep or dust a room, lest it should hurt her form. Is there any great merit in this? Is it so grand a virtue that she must needs brag about it? By-and-by she'll tell me that any kind of work is degrading; but she'll not make me believe it for all that. I never have entertained that opinion, and I'm not inclined to do so now. I also know that girl's mother, and that she has to dig and delve, scrub and scour until her bones ache and her body becomes weary. I think Miss Goodform had better be helping her mother than boasting of "not being obliged to work for a

I know a young woman who might have been the wife of a young mechanic and have enjoyed a very comfortable life, who is now working at a trade early and late. If she had married the mechanic in question he could not have supported her mother and crippled sister, as she is now doing, and what would have become of them? I'm sure so good a girl as that ought to succeed. Perhaps her form may be a little bent by stooping over her work, but her heart is not so deformed by pride as the female with whom I commenced this essay I know which I love the best.

I know a young lady who declined to accept the hand and heart of a very worthy young fellow who "dabbled" a bit in literature, She said she could never love one who spent his leisure-time in scribbling for the papers— poor dear!—that she hated authors and editors—and then handed him the mitten. girl who could give utterance to such senti-ments don't deserve to have any one love her. Her rejected suitor came to me and desired me to condole and sympathize with him. I didn't do anything of the sort. I told him he had had a very narrow escape of being made miserable for life, and he ought to thank his lucky stars he was rid of one with such dog, for stealing meat from his cart.
Such a disgraceful death to record of such a brave dog, and the only one I ever did tolerated by the original state of the state of the

plain of a lack of work, and that they can find nothing whatever to do, when they could have employment enough if they would but accept it. But they won't, because it is work that might soil their hands; and it does seem in me oftentimes, that many would prefer to st rve to death rather than do that. Supposing work does stain one's hands: are not soap and water

When I hear of people refusing to do work because it might soil one's clothes and hands I'm inclined to believe they are a little bit too particular, and I'd not like to have them for correspondents for fear they might get a spot of ink on their delicate fingers, and ruin their reputations for life! Wouldn't it be fun to see one of these over-cleanly persons fall into an ink-vat!

I know of a great many folks who are willing to wear their old clothes a while longer in preference to going into debt for new ones: and I know others who wear unpaid-for garments, who cruelly cut those whom I have just mentioned; and, between us, I know which have the easiest consciences—perhaps you do,

I know some very worthy folks who do many deeds of kindness, say many a word of encouragement, who are not considered to be so very benevolent because they do not blazon forth their charities to the world, or let the world find out that theirs is the true benevolence. They prefer the thanks, prayers and blessings of the poor to the most fulsome newspaper puff—and that's where they are right.

I know a few fellows who are willing enough to talk about how the reforming of certain individuals ought to be brought about; but I find that they are not so very willing to do any-thing toward effecting that reformation; they won't give their hand to help the fallen one out of the mire, but they'll tuck their skirts around them to escape contamination, and give a few dollars to some one else to do it, and then they consider themselves very good and very charitable. Did the Savior pass the fallen woman and let others take care of her Did He fear the contamination you so much dread? No; He did not; then, why should you? EVE LAWLESS.

#### Foolscap Papers. My First Tragedy.

I was a young man in the heyday and straw-day of life when I produced my first I wrote it by the aid of tallow cantragedy. dles, but it was brought out in all the glory of gas at the Blank theater on the opening

Everything was crowded. I was full myself, though I must say that my pocketbook was twice as empty as it could possibly be. This new tragedy drew great crowds, and a vast number of people turned away, though the selling of tickets didn't stop.

When the curtain went up, after repeated efforts not to go up, the audience nearly went up too, to see the hero and heroine hoeing po tatoes together. He had the classical pug nose without boots, and she the dramatic red head

When, after a thrilling conversation about | ing the first chapters of the great novel.

blue skies and gentle zephyrs and supper-time, he stepped on her sore toe and she pounded him with the hoe-handle, his scream of pain and dramatic rage were very effective and brought down the house; at least it brought down several lamp-chimneys and stoga boots. When this passage was rendered with all the

ower of the actor:
"Malinda Mehitabel, if this is love—

To lose my appetite for eatables, To bear the whips and scorns of an outrageo father, Because I show indifference to work;

To go neglecting every day the pigs;
To think of thee while I forget my prayers,
And sleep to dream of nightmares and of thee
Te look on your old shoes with reverence—
Then I'm in love, say, several hundred feet."

And she replied:
"Well, Charles Augustus Nincombob,
Your words are like whole bucketsful of balm,
And if your yearly income is enough
To take me oft to the ice-cream saloons,
And pay for peanuts and for lozenges,
Then no objection to your love I'll make."

I say when this was rendered there was the vildest stamping that ever was heard. I might dd, just here, that the manager had sixteen upes under the floor to pound against it and ssist in the applause.

The tragedy had ten acts, and six scenes to each act. The manager wanted to know why the thunder I didn't make it longer, but I apol-

ogized and told him I had run out of material, but I might yet add a few more acts.

In the second scene, when the young man gets kicked out of the house by the old governor, the most thrilling interest was excited, and the author was called out. That is to say one fellow who had left the audience sent up for me to come out—he wanted to lick me, as ne thought that last scene was an insinuation on him, for he had been there a few nights beore. I didn't go out for fun.

In the third act, where a jealous rival kills the hero and heroine by stabbing them both with a corn-cutter, tears flowed around among the audience, and they loudly called for the author; they said they wanted to kill him too. But, in the fourth act, when our hero—(bear in mind that both the he and heroine were brought to by a good Samaritan corn-doctor who happened to be passing along on his way to attend a patient who had such a corn he hadn't worn his boots for a week), when our hero engaged in a battle where forty persons are killed, besides a member of Congress and ome supernumeraries, and has both his ears shot off by one ball, the audience couldn't hold themselves and had to hire darkies to hold

In the next act the Prince (remember, h nad put on a clean shirt and made himsel known) took passage for Coney Island, but on the way he got sea-sick and fell overboard, and was swallowed by a whale. The heroine jumps over and is swallowed too, declaring she will follow him but this act was left out, as whales were very scarce that season and we couldn't borrow one for the occasion.

In the sixth act the Prince engaged in a single-handed contest with six cavaliers, who sal-lied out of castle Five Points, and slew them all. In this whole sixth act there were only thirty-nine persons killed. The manager said ought to have had more blood and butchery n it; but if there is anything I supremely de spise it is to see a tragedy with so much blood and thunder in it. It isn't nice, and it don't come up to my ideas of true art. In this, Shakspeare and I have one mind.

In the seventh act, the scene where the Prince was chased by a rhinoceros had to be mitted, as no rhinoceros was on hand.

The eighth and ninth acts were left out at the request of the audience, who wanted to get

home before daylight.

During the play I modestly sat on the front of the stage to the left, where I could note the

effect it had on the audience; but it was some-thing strange that they would laugh at the serious parts and groan at the humorous passages. I sat up there on the stage, too, so I could pick up what bouquets might be thrown without much trouble, but there were no flowers in that part of the city, I guess. The curtain rose, and that was all the rose I saw.

The last act concluded the piece. Toward the end the characters got to be so wicked that I thought best to kill them off, which was done by the explosion of a barrel of powder

under the stage. That tragedy had the greatest run on record It was run off of that stage. It ran to South America. It ran to the island of Madagascar, and it is still running, and I don't think that

it will ever stop. The King of Dahomey has depopulated half his kingdom with that play—he has it acted to life. But if I ever write another tragedy, I'll put more tragedy in it.

Yours, tragically, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Woman's World.

WHAT TO WEAR: TRIMMINGS. In the Fall Styles are certain novelties which will prove popular with the best-

dressed; and among them must first be men tioned the jet fringes and mountings—which seem literally to be "all the rage." Everything in the way of wearing apparel for ladie is literally laden with jet. The bonnets and hats are made heavy with it, the costumes are absolutely covered with it, the basques are glistening all over with cut jets, bugles and Buckles and fancy belts are also hid den with the quantities of this showy and not always elegant garniture. Jet indeed is the trimming of the moment, but how long it will last remains to be seen. Nothing is so common as a profusion of cheap jet ornaments, and nothing is less durable. The finer quality and nothing is less durable. The finer quality of jet is very expensive and a great deal of time is expended in designing the various patterns, but the very best of it is undurable, and only those who have means in plenty ought to invest in it.

Great care should be taken in selecting the jet fringes which will be so generally used on costumes this fall. The better qualities of French goods are of course rather expensive, but there will be plenty of imitations at lower prices in American and German goods, which will not wear well, and nothing can be more vexatious than to find a handsome dress comletely spoiled after having been worn two or three times only, because the trimmings on it are falling in pieces.

Watered ribbon continues just as popular as ever for sashes and bows, and will be used during the winter on dresses of silk and vel-Many of the sashes are very narrow, and match the bows on other portions of the skirt. The ends, however, are not long, double loops being substituted. When a wide sash is used, it is very wide, and serves for the large puff at the back.

To Our Readers -- All who wish their friends to enjoy the reading of Mrs. MAY AGNES FLEMING'S splendid serial story, "AN AWFUL MYS-TERY," will please have them call upon your newsdealer for free copies of the GIFT NUMBER, contain

#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondence and Duffors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the latter. News write on both sides of a sheet, Has Correspondence. third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information. n regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special

Of the most recent offerings we can only accept:
"An Enrapture;" "Venus;" "Love's Token;" "A
Rogue's Game;" "Old Vic's Story;" "Linne's Wisdom;" "Compassion;" 'Life's Sorrows;" "Lines
to One, etc.;" "The Home That is Home No More;"
"A Lillias Lost;" "Hones to of the Heart;" "A Smile
that Saved;" "Mrs. Pinchmany's Governess."

that Saved;" "Mrs. Pinchmany's Governess."

The following are declined—several being well worth publication, but for which we can not find the necessary space; "Disfigured for Life;" "The Innocent for the Guilty;" "The Lone Tavern;" "How Nellie Deane Went to Market;" "Ben Benton's Courtship;" "Down at Bentley Place;" "A Foot Race for a Glove;" "Big Blood;" "The Seasons' Reasons;" "She Was Willing;" "The Peon's Fate;" "Old Grove Tansey's Red Wife."

MBS. M. D. The lady named resides in Brooklyn.

Mrs. M. D. The lady named resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is not a widow.

MANY Boys. Get up a reading club and call it the Saturday Journal club.

Lizzie Penn. Shun a school that knowingly permits the girls and boys to correspond.

Miss J. S. See our Woman's World for the hints you ask for. See also last week's paper.

Young Abe. Mr. Lincoln was not born in Illinois but in Kentucky. His parents moved to Illinois when he was a boy.

A. L. O. A good shot-gun can be had for \$18, Breech-loaders cost twice more than muzzle-loaders, old style. Thos. K. A mule is a hybrid, and does not propagate or reproduce. Only one instance is known of such reproduction.

P. B. writes: "Noticing that the 'Country Boy' said he could beat the Chicago Boy's running jump of eighteen feet, I wish to ask how far can either of them jump in one or two straight standing jumps? Please let us hear from them.'

C. S. H. Use emery and oil to get rid of rust on steel. To put gloss on shirt bosoms, drop a bit of sperm in the starch, or use the satingloss starch. A very simple mode is to stir the hot dissolved starch with a sperm candle for a moment.

Starch with a sperm candle for a moment.

Three Rivers. A debating club is very easily organized. Get a half-dozen boys together, and go to work. Beadle's Dime Debater and Chairman's Guide contains all the information you need, even to the constitution and by-laws of such a club.

Ben O'D. The buffaloes are being destroyed at obout the rate of 210,000 per year, and as their "range" is constantly narrowing, it is safe to say that twenty-five years hence the animal will be wholly driven to the wild regions of the Upper Missouri.

souri.

Miss Minnie H. asks why married women on the stage retain their maiden names. All do not do so. Where the stage name becomes popular, there is too much money in it to change. Olive Logan is Mrs. Witt Sikes. Miss Neilso is Mrs. Lee. Miss Henriques is Mrs. Jennings, etc. etc.

O. W. R. S. We already hav given good cures for catarrh. See late issue (N. 242).—You can only cure your defects of educatio b systematic study under a good teacher. No one book can do you any good.—The way to succeed in any good resolve is to stick to it. No bad personal habit can be broken except by the greatest decision.

Mrs. Doty. Jr. To keep honey all the year round.

stick to it. No bad personal habit can be broken except by the greatest decision.

Mrs. Dorr, Jr. To keep honey all the year round, let it run through a sieve to separate it from the particles of wax; then boil it gently in an earthen vessel; skim off the foam which gathers on top and cool in jars. After covering these tightly, set them away in a cool cellar.

Lingo asks: "What is the origin of the term 'dragoon?" There is a wide difference of opinion among military writers on the point. The dictionaries and etymologists have generally accepted the fanciful derivation given about the beginning of the last century, from draco, a dragon, because the first dragoons, being mounted arquebusiers, carrying their lighted matches at a gallop, resembled fiery dragons, with a train of sparks behind them. A more reasonable derivation, from the same root, draco, is found in Markham's "Souldier's Accidence," 1620. Speaking of the arms of the horse-soldiers, he mentions "a fayre dragon, eighteen inches in the barrel," and soon after calls the bearers "dragoniers." We know that the first fire-arms were classified by the names of the monsters that were carved or cast on their muzzles, such as falconits, from the falcon's head; culverins, from the colubrina, a snake, on account of the snake's head; and finally the dragon, from the dragon's head. We know also that the troops using different weapons were first celled after them, such as "caracolubrina, a snake, on account of the snake's head; and finally the dragon, from the dragon's head; we know also that the troops using different weapons were first called after them, such as "carabiniers," "pistoliers," "fancers," "arquebusiers," "musketeers." The name of "dragonier" was changed in course of time to "dragone," but still survives in Germany as "dragoner." Markham is the earliest writer who mentions dragoons, and the fanciful derivation did not arise till at least a century later. Having mentioned pistols, we may remark that they derive their name from Pistoja, in Italy, where they were first made, as bayonets do for the same reason, from Bayonne, in France.

tury later. Having mentioned pistols, we may remark that they derive their name from Pistola, in Italy, where they were first made, as bayonets do for the same reason, from Bayonne, in France.

Lilian inquires: "How can one tell the difference between a venomous snake and one that is not poisonous, at a glance? I am afraid of all snakes, and my brother laughs at me, and says that the little garter-snakes won't hurt any one. Now, I want to know how to tell the difference." In all but our extreme Southern States there is but a single poisonous snake, and he carries his mark with him, which is perfectly easy of recognition. This is the well-known rattlesnake, which can be heard before it is seen. In, the swamps of the South are found the moceasin and copperhead, even more deadly in their bite. One general distinction is almost universal: venomous snakes are thick in the body and sluggish in their motions. They have peculiar, flat, angular heads in most cases, but are always very thick in proportion to length. Non-venomous snakes are all constrictors, long and thin, very rapid in motion, and generally colored to correspond with their surroundings. The garter-snake is a harmless little creature, living on insects, and his colors closely resemble the dry grass and bushes among which he is found. The black-snake is so much larger as to be troublesome around hen-roosts, stealing eggs, etc., but he generally pays for his depredations by killing the rats and mice in the barns. It is a great mistake for farmers to kill either black-snakes or garter-snakes, which do more good than harm.

CHARLEY wants to know: "What is meant by the different names, as applied to horse-soldiers, of cuirassier, dragoon, uhlan, hussar, chasseur, carabineer, and lancer? Also, what is a man-at-arms in medieval stories?" The terms arose from the difference in armament. For convenience, the big horses and big men, in European ammies, are separated from the little horses and little men. This causes the first distinction between "heavy" and "sign f

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

#### COQUETTED.

BY CRAPE MYRTLE.

And is it thus that we must sever
The bonds affection wrought?
And must I lose this pearl of light,
My soul in faith hath sought?
The charming fashion of thy face
Bound, like a spell, my heart,
And, now that fickle fancy tires,
You say that we must part.

The stars in yonder Orient Seemed not more true than thee; But, ah! what treacherous changes Sweep o'er life's checkered sea! False lips, and fair! as numerous As Valambrosa's leaves,

Are the 70ws you make, and lightly break, And fond, true hearts deceive.

The rich wine glowed on either cheek,
And the brightness of thy eye,
Bespoke what faithless memory,
Your lips did not deny.
Ah! brightening eye! ah! tender lip!
I deemed them fond and true,
But clouds will sometimes quench the light
From heaven's fairest blue.

And now, farewell, I will not pine,
O'er wafted sweets of old;
My manhood craveth constancy,
As misers love their gold.
For all thy faithless woman's troth,
My full, free pardon's granted;
For love's young dream is buried deep,
And my soul is disenchanted.

## The Moor-Captives: THE ADVENTURES OF THREE YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BETROTHAL.

AGAIN we stand in a splendid apartment of the imperial palace, furnished and decorated with the utmost magnificence and Asiatic splendor.

The emperor was seated on a couch, surrounded by a canopy.

Male and female slaves stood around.

The emperor was smoking. Except for this he appeared far more a statue than anything else.

All the rest imitated his immobility.
"Has the moollah been summoned?" he said,

"He is here, your imperial highness," re-plied the moollah, in the full robes of his priestly office, advancing and bowing to the ground; "I await your highness' orders." The emperor waved his hands, and all the

attendants, male and female, retreated out of You have seen and spoken with those three Feringhee girls?" he said, coldly.

'By your orders, yes. "And are they now aware of the great honor which is done them?" said the monarch. "They still pine for their native land, and desire to remain faithful to their religion,

was the quiet reply. "Allah kerim! who ever heard of women having any religion?" said the emperor, with a gloomy frown. "Have they become ugly?" This was said by him in an extremely anx-

ious tone. "They are fair and handsome," was the an-

swer.
"Oh, moollah, it appears to me that you are faint-hearted in this matter," began the emperor, in a cold and saturnine tone; "I fancy that you show lukewarmness toward your adopted religion,

I know the penalty of such folly," was the "I am glad that you remember it," continued the other; "now hearken to the words of

wisdom. To-night shall take place the be-trothal—to-morrow or next day the actual marriage." "Yes, your highness."

"Let the stars decide which of the two days. but let no malignant influence interfere to de lay my wishes," said the despot, significantly. "Let the women dance."

reign, and withdrew, as if in deep meditation, to an alcove, while the dancers displayed their antics before the sated tyrant.

'Enough," he said, after looking on with a bitter air; "there is naught amuses me now." At this moment an attendant entered with a white and terror-stricken face.

"What ails thee, fool?"
"We have just taken a prisoner in the harem," cried the other, kneeling abjectly. The moollah flushed crimson

Could any of the trio have risked themselves

But show any sign of interest even he dared not.
"A prisoner in the sacred precincts of the

harem!" cried the enraged monarch. "Yes, your dread highness. A young man —a Greek. He was caught just now, in the garden, as he dropped from the Lady Medora's

The awful scowl on the emperor's face was enough to make any one tremble. His brow was black as midnight, his features

convulsed with passion.
"Bring him forward," was the hoarse cry:

"and you, Hadji Bey, go, bring the woman here. The officer bowed low and retired.

Then a tall, dark and handsome youth was brought before the emperor, guarded and fet-

The moollah saw at once that it was no one he knew. But his undaunted bearing and handsome

mien interested him in his favor.
"Audacious slave!" cried the savage monarch, boiling with rage, "declare your purpose. What foul, felonious purpose was yours

in daring to invade the sacred precincts of 'None that will avail me with you, haughty voluptuary, who live by rapine," he said.

The emperor stared, as if he did not understand. Such language was beyond his comprehen

sion.
"What sought you here?" he gasped. "My wife," was the cold answer. to rescue all of value I possessed, taken from

me by a robber."
"Your wife?" "Yes. Medora was my young and adored wife, stolen from the Greek island to which I had carried her, by the fiend Suleiman," continued the youth; "I followed her through perils innumerable."

The emperor looked at him with a cold, sarcastic smile.

You have come in search of your wife?"

"You shall not be separated from her. Lo! here she comes." As he spoke, Medora was led in bathed in tears, and wild and disheveled.

"Pity, mercy! He came against my will," she cried, piteously, as she tried to kneel.
"Vile wretch! I take no man's wife from him. You are as guilty as the daring thief who has crept into my palace to steal you nate girls away. Take them to the lower dungeon; put Assuming

each in a separate cell. We will decide their

The two were dragged away, the slaves and attendants were dismissed, and again the

moollah and the emperor were alone.
"Thus is my palace guarded," said the tyrant, in a voice terrible in its concentrated rage.
"There must be treachery somewhere," was

the moollah's calm reply.

"There must. See that it be inquired into.
If I discover any base intrigues in my harem,

the guilty die, no matter what their station

"I will make secret and subtle inquiry, and report to your highness," said the moollah, who all the time was gnawed at heart as if by

"Do so. Remember, this evening at the third hour, the betrothal," reiterated the angry monarch; "let them show any foolish repin or false coyness, and they share the fate of

The moollah prostrated himself, and went out, rage and despair in his heart. "That I should ever have served that man,"

he muttered to himself; "that in my intense folly and apathy I should have yielded for life's to be the slave of such as he." And he ground his teeth in passion and de-What was to be done? The emperor's suspicions were aroused.

His furious vanity and self-esteem, too, were aroused at the discovery that the beautiful young slave, Medora, hardly worthy of a deroted husband's love, had been a young wife before she entered his zenana. This was a kind of blow to arouse all the

most ferocious passions in a Moslem monarch. Strict orders would not only be given to all the guards of the palace, but they themselves would keep a sharp look-out for their own

To carry out the terrible plans which surged in the young man's head required time. Still, he could but try.

Bent upon trying the experiment, he left the palace without seeing the girls, and bent his way toward his own residence.

Here he once more assumed an European disguise, and wended his way to the house of Here, in a small room, he found the three

friends assembled. They had reached the city on the previous night, and had been awaiting him impatiently

His gloomy brow, his blank and cheerless aspect, did not tend to raise their spirits. "What fatal accident overthrew our plans yesterday?" asked Ashurst.

"The suspicious caution of the emperor. Unfortunately, events have made him even more cunning and suspicious," was the an-

And the moollah explained. "Then there is no hope!" cried Lionel.
"None that I can see," murmured the cap-

"Hope ends only with death," said the moollah, moodily. "I have a last resource" What is that?" asked Ashurst.

"Insurrection. There is in Tangiers a large and easily-inflamed fanatical mob. Let it but go forth that the emperor is about to wed three Christians, and their furious and ignorant passions will be aroused.'

"Easy to start such a rolling stone, not easy

to stop it," said the soldier, dryly.
"We have no other hope," communed the moollah. "The seeds of revolution are rife. In addition to the stupid and ignorant fanatics, there is a large and powerful party who weary of the tyranny and sloth in which his majesty lives. They are quite ready to put the Prince Mirza on the throne."

"But will he consent?" "We don't ask the consent of princes in revolutions in this country," was the dry answer. If they refuse, we chop their heads off and

set up somebody else." Yes. You know that yacht in the harbor, which brought your foes hither?"

trive, with the assistance of John Bowen, to select a cargo and secure it. In that we must take our flight."

Surange tnings have happened in the zenana of late," he said; "people come and go, I am told, who have no business within its precincts."

"But are you sure of your insurrection?"
"Quite, of starting it. How it will end is another thing. As a rule, the palace always submits to a revolution."

"And the emperor?" "It is usual to put out his eyes, and then confine him for life. I fancy your friend Prince Mirza would spare him the former cruel punishment. Though," said the young man, moodily, "I know not but what he deserves

"Does the prince know?"
"Nothing. He will be the last to be made aware of the movement," said the moollah;
"as soon as his friends are in motion, he must

go with the stream or perish." "When would you advise us to seize the vacht?" asked Ashurst. "To-night, and remain on board. If Sir Thomas Harcourt or the earl come on board,"

he said, with a terrible and withering scowl, detain them; I authorize you to do so. And with these words he retired to give his final orders to John Bowen, who was delighted

at the prospect of undoing some of the evil which he had unwittingly done. The moollah then returned to his home, and, in his sacred garb, began a round of visits to the more humble priests of the fanatical party. By inuendoes, by hints, by warnings, he

prepared their minds. They would hear of a great blow to their religion on the morrow. Then he obtained an interview with some of

the leaders of the young Morocco party, and prepared them for the eventualities of the The volcano was slumbering.

It required but a torch to start the combus-

At eight, the then hour of the night, the noollah returned to the palace.

The betrothal of women in the position of

our heroines was a mere theatrical ceremony, out the Orientals are very partial to it for that very reason. The moollah, with slow and weary step, ap-

roached the harem to prepare them. He found the entrance blocked by the varthy guard, and entrance refused him. The emperor waited his presence in his

sser hall of audience. What could this portend? The moollah was on the rack. He had sown the storm, and would surely reap the whirlfools," cried Mrs. Bacon, warmly.

But the great question to his mind was, had he been betrayed? If so, he had but to meet

his fate with serenity.

Any way, he would be spared the agony of witnessing the sufferings of the three unfortu-

Assuming, however, the most extreme se-

renity, and even joyousness of manner, the oung man entered the private audience chamber.

He saw that the emperor was in one of his worst humors; his brow was dark and lowering, his eyes menacing in the extreme.

As soon would the young moollah have faced a Numidian lion. "Where have you been?" asked the monarch,

in a voice hoarse with passion.

"Preparing, your most sublime highness, for the betrothal and the marriage," said the arbitrary order was out of the question. priest, in as firm a tone as the other's, but still quite respectful. The emperor growled out something which

was quite inaudible, and then waved the mool-lah to a seat at no great distance. They were alone. "Oh, moollah Hafiz," began the emperor, with a stern and haughty glance, "I have, very much against the advice and wishes of many, raised you up to a pitch of rank and favor never before enjoyed by a renegade."

"I have been faithful to your majesty to this hour," said the priest, in slightly quivering accents—he was conscious of a little Je-

suitry in his reply.
"You have. But—may your father's grave be defiled—you have taught me to drink wine, the abomination of the prophet! I must have a bottle," growled the despot.

The moollah bowed. It was not for him to say that the emperor vas a determined drinker, and was glad to have an ex-Christian for a boon companion.

The wine was brought. "Now, oh moollah," continued his imperial najesty, when he had warmed his heart somewhat with wine, "in your old country—the country of infidels and yahoudis—what do you with women who fall off from their lawful

"The very rich," said the moollah, gravely, obtain, by a long and tedious process, a separation from their unfaithful spouses - who then, if their lover is disposed, they marry."
"Long and expensive process!" cried the

emperor, with blinking eyes. "No bowstring, no sack?" "The man who took his wife's life, under any pretense, would be hanged," replied the

"Can such things be? Why, the Christians are greater fools than I thought them," cried the amazed emperor. "You said the rich—

what do the poor do with their bad wives?" "I have heard," replied the moollah, with intense gravity, "of their inflicting the punshment of the stick upon them, while others have well thrashed them until they have had "But they do not put the infamous creatures

o death?" roared the emperor, savagely. "And, your highness, if a man in Europe takes to nimself a second wife—a pretended second wife," continued the moollah, "his wife can take him before the cadi, and have him

The emperor looked at the moollah anxiousv, to see if he was not taking leave of his "Wallah!" he said, "you would not have

me believe this-where are your laws and "Such are the laws made by the rulers of Ingelterra," was the answer.

"It is horrible to believe such folly and wickedness," cried the despot; "and now, before we make any final arrangements about the English houris, what shall be done with the vile Medora and her paramour?" The moollah tapped his head, and reflected

deeply.

"Most high and mighty potentate, sublime ruler of the universe, I will tell you my idea."

"Speak at once."

"To-morrow, after your marriage, it will be well to let the new beauties of the harem know what dereliction from duty means; let them witness the punishment of the slaves.' A cruel smile passed over the countenance of

the emperor. Still, his suspicious nature was not wholly to be lulled to sleep.

"Strange things have happened in the ze-

ed," began the moollah. "I hope so. But see that nothing of the kind occurs before to-morrow. I have resolved

to make these northern houris my partners, if wenty malignant stars intervene He had imbibed "considerable of wine" by this time, and was in a peculiarly defiant hu-

The moollah, with white and quivering lips, bowed and took his leave. Should his schemes fail, terrible indeed

yould be the retribution which would fall upon himself and friends. But as soon as he was alone in a distant chamber, he drew himself up, and stood erect

and firm. "The man-tyrant, despot and voluptuary as he is—has been to a certain extent my friend, and my heart bleeds for him. But, rather than immolate these girls to him, he shall die, even by my own hand."

His face was white, the muscles quivered onvulsively, but in another moment it was rigid and determined. "Perish a hundred men, so that no harm

comes to them!" he said, and moved stealthily toward one of the many secret corridors which surrounded the harem, and which, in his cups, the emperor had made known to him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON THE VERGE. "AT last," cried Kate, who, with her companions, was now immured within the prison "we are wholly abandoned and desertwalls. Everything turns against us, and even the moollah falls away.'

'I do not believe it," said Edith, warmly; 'if he does not come, it is that he is prevented by a power over which he has no control." You know his mysterious promise," said Mrs. Bacon; "it appeared to me to be wrung from him by despair. Still he will do his

'I hope so," observed Jessie, sadly; "but still more and more do I feel that dull depression, that gloomy foreboding which has at-

tacked me recently.' "Nerves, my dear girl, nerves. In no man-ner or form is it given to us in this world to foresee events one hour before they come. Second sight, warnings, mysterious appearances, are all moonshine, figments of the brain, the

"Mrs. Bacon, I am not a fool," said Jessie, equally hotly, "and I do believe supernatural

"Nonsense, my child; you are, naturally enough, bilious and out of sorts. But the great scheme of this mighty universe is not all put out of order to frighten or reassure one

The young Scotch girl would very likely have made a sharp retort, being somewhat given to believe old wives' tales, and having a fervent mind that reveled in the notion of bogles and private family ghosts, but that at this moment several women entered, bearing

large piles of rich and magnificent costumes. The discipline of the harem being maintained on the coercive principle, and the coercion taking the form of heavy-heeled slippers, a

The girls were compelled to submit to the exigencies of the toilet. The shawls, gauzes, head-dresses and other appurtenances of their new costume were simply superb, and would, under other circum-

cances, have excited their admiration. But cold, blank despair crushed their souls and embittered within them every natural and feminine sympathy.

They were, as usual when making the slightest change in their costume, taken to the bath, where they were subjected to an ordeal not much different from that which we endure in his country in the name of a Turkish bath. After this had been gone through, the gorgeous raiment was put on, and the ladies were

offered a repast worthy of their coming rank and fortunes Never before," cried the impetuous Kate, 'did I understand what it was to be a caged bird. Never, if we escape from this den, will

I see a poor linnet or other feathered prisoner without releasing it." "And yet they say that 'stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," observ-

ed Mrs. Bacon, forever trying to do the cheerful and consoling. "Whoever wrote those lines knew little of human suffering or sorrow," exclaimed Edith.
"Give me the meanest hovel in all England a laborer's cottage, only let me be free to come

and go." Several richly-habited slaves and guards now entered, preceding the empress-mother.

She strode in haughtily, and with a dark and

malignant scowl upon her features. All her plans were failing.
The tool, Medora, whom she had dazzled with a vision of imperial glory, had fallen a prey to the vagaries of human affection and

The blind and insensate passion of the emperor was driving him headlong to a course which the old lady conceived would strengthen the already powerful party who were in favor of European intercourse and reform founded on European notions. All four rose to receive the imperial ladv.

She seated herself, and then sent away all but a frail Italian girl, a new interpreter, who had taken the place of her who had been so cruelly murdered. "You are arrayed as if for a bridal," was the first sarcastic remark.

"What shall we say?" cried Kate.
"Are you willing brides?" asked the Italian girl, quietly. "No, ten thousand times no; death in any shape were welcome to us rather than this

wretched sacrifice." The empress was told. A cold and doubting smile wreathed her lips, as if she could not credit even Feringhee girls

with such folly.

"Now then—at the last moment then," she inquired, "you are willing to run some danger to escape?" "We will endure any risk," answered the girls, by the mouthpiece of Mrs. Bacon.

The empress spoke for some few minutes to the Italian girl. 'There is," said the young person, turning to them, with something like a shudder, "a secret way of escape from the palace. It is known, as a rule, only to the reigning sover eign, and has been used only when revolts rendered a sudden departure necessary.

"We understand," replied Mrs. Bacon, noticing that the other hesitated slightly. "But the empress has twice, in time of civil

jesty had once to flee for his life. "The way?" "Is under the castle through winding vaults to the seashore on the side of the mole. "But, once there, what could we do?" asked

Mrs. Bacon. There are many Christian boatmen about, and several foreign vessels in the harbor," retorted the intepreter.

Mrs. Bacon and the girls conferred. The whole transaction was suspicious in the extreme, and yet, in that hour of supreme peril, with an abhorrent and instant future before them which seemed worse than death, any loophole for escape appeared welcome

"Now, at once. In two hours the ceremony of betrothal will begin," she translated. Could they have read the inscrutable smile

apon the woman's face, they might have hesi-

"Who will guide us?" asked Mrs. Bacon.
"The Lady Haredeena herself," was the re-

But none of them were sufficiently acquainted with Asiatic cunning and deception to be on their guard.

The empress rose eagerly.
Respect for her rank, and supposed influence over her son, gave her many privileges She had no fear of being interrupted for an

hour, when she said so. Rising, she led the way to an alcove at the end of the room, at the end of which was a superb mirror.

Stooping, she turned a small button, upon which the mirror slipped on one side, revealing a dark and gloomy aperture. All shuddered as a gust of cold, damp air puffed in their faces.

But the empress, with a cold, determined mien, took up the lamp and led the way.

The path sloped downward for some distance, as if between the thick stone walls, and then suddenly ended in a dark, vaulted chamber. But from this descended a flight of steps which brought them to what looked like a

The interpreter was not with them, but had already informed them that when the empress pointed forward, the road was clear to the

vaulted tunnel.

novels.

Here, then, she paused, handed the lamp to Mrs. Bacon, and with a cold and scornful smile, reascended the steps.
"I don't like the look of that woman," said the chaperon; "she reminded me awfully of Lady Macbeth." All the girls shuddered.

Some such thought had passed very rapidly through their brains.
"What an awful place," said the merry hearted Kate, in a dismal voice; "it's like the castle dungeons we read of in old German

"Better have trusted to the moollah," observed Edith, with a sudden pang.
"What matters?" cried Jessie, in a tone of overwrought and strained enthusiasm. know it; we are marching to death."

"My dear girl, do not give way to gloomy and horrible fancies," exclaimed Mrs. Bacon. Heaven! what is that?" All stood still, crowding together in a terri-

fied group, as a horrible groan fell upon their A low, fearful moan, as of one dving in

mortal agony.

It was close to them. "Whence did it come?" asked Kate, in a low

whisper. "Tis some fellow-creature in danger and difficulty," said Mrs. Bacon. And raising her lamp, she pointed to several heavy doors, leading probably to dungeous, in which the wretched victims of despotism

were probably confined. They were only fastened by outer latches.

Again the groan startled them. Mrs. Bacon removed the latch of the one earest to her, and peered in.

On a heap of straw lay what appeared to be a bundle of rags, but as the light flashed, it noved, rose, and revealed the ashen face of Medora. A low moan was all she could utter, as they

carried her from that foul, choking, pestilential den, into the stream of air in the tunnel. While the girls supported her, Mrs. Bacon, who had made out a moaning on the other side, opened it, and the young Greek tottered

early dead from asphyxia. He stared wildly at her, but explanation was lmost impossible.

He and Mrs. Bacon could muster a few words of lingua Franca. She explained that they were escaping, and were delighted to hear that the Greek had a speronari in the harbor.

Escape appeared, therefore, within the range All hurried on. As they advanced, descending slowly, the

atmosphere got denser and fouler. They felt dizzy and sick. "Hush!" suddenly said Mrs. Bacon; "we are pursued. I hear footsteps." "We must run," cried the Greek; "surely the exit is not far distant."

And they exerted themselves with wondrous They entered a large and lofty vault.
The Greek was in advance.

Suddenly he threw himself back, with outstretched arms. "Back! Certain death is in advance."

For about two minutes the lamp had been spluttering, and as he spoke, the last flicker vas given, and they found themselves in total darkness. "A fearful gulf lies before us," said the Greek; "an abyss of which I could not fathom the depth."

"Stop; in the name of Heaven, stop. go to death," gasped a voice at no great dis-"Saved!" cried Edith, as, turning the cor-

Undeterred by the presence of others, the Moslem priest clasped her fainting, panting form in his arms. "Just in time," he murmured, under his reath. "The incarnate fiend! to send you breath.

ner the moollah came in sight.

to a fearful doom." "Could we not escape?" asked Mrs. Bacon. "Scarcely, without an experienced guide. You were close on the pit of death when I came up; sent here to die in the most awful way by that vile wretch, the empress-mother."

"Her interference, then, was treacherous?"
Base in the extreme. But whom have we here?" asked the moollah, glancing at the Greek and Medora with rather a stern and severe cast of countenance.

Mrs. Bacon explained. "Not a moment is to be lost," said the moollah, in reply; "there is much perilous work to be done this night. We must return to the harem, where, if possible, these wretched beings may hide—but at their own peril."

He then turned to the Greek, and explained. "I am your slave," said the youth, earnestbe grateful."

The moollah had it on his lips to speak very harshly of Medora, but he refrained, and bade

all hurry after him, as every moment was pre-His presence was easily and briefly explained. He had reached the heart of the zenana, by the secret way just alluded to, in time to hear the empress, half in soliloquy, half in a tri-

umphant speech to her interpeter, gloat over the hideous trick she had played upon the gia-There was, to any one who knew the way well, a means of exit by the mole, but one not in the secret must inevitably fall into the murderer's pit, the more that she had selected a

lamp which would not last more than half an All were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to the moollah. Edith, however, used no words, but he had seen the deep, ear nest love-light in her eyes, when snatched from the jaws of death, and that was enough

The room from which they had taken their departure with the empress was now empty.
"Be as calm as you can," said the moollah, in a low, earnest whisper, "and have faith in

oung Greeks.

# Gilbert, the Guide:

(To be continued—commenced in No. 230.)

With that he left them, followed by the two

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS. BY C. DUNNING CLARK, AUTHOR OF "ROD AND RIFLE," "IN THE WIL-DERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

COLONEL M'KAY. "I AM sorry to see you a prisoner here, Miss Carlyon," he said, softly. "How did you happen to fall into the hands of the Indians?" You must ask your friend Darromed." replied Helen, sharply. "I do not affect to mis-understand you, Colonel McKay, and I demand that you at once take steps to have me set at liberty."

influence, but it is not great enough to take you out of the hands of the chief after the events of the past few days.' "To what events do you refer?" "To the fighting upon the river, the attack upon the island, and the defeat of the Indians; he capture of Darromed, his imprisonment in the cave, and subsequent escape, and the re-lease of the Guide, known as Gilbert, by Gan-

"Excuse me if I ask how I can do that, Miss Helen? To be sure, I have some little

delion." "You seem to have a thorough knowledge of these events, sir."

'I will try what I can do for you with the chief," he said; "but I fear I shall plead in vain, as he seems bent upon keeping you."

"You have been hospitably received under my father's roof, sir," said Helen; "and you will make but a poor return if you will not do anything to save me from disgrace and

What would you do to free yourself from the hands of Darromed?

"Anything—everything."
"Then would you reconsider the refusal you gave me at your father's house, a year ago?"
Helen instantly arose and looked at him
with a fixed gaze, which caused him, in spite of his effrontery, to turn a variety of colors, and swear inwardly.

You would take advantage of that, then?" she said, slowly. "A gentleman—at least one who deserved the name—would have thought twice before offering an insult of this kind to a woman in my situation. You ask me to marry you, as you asked me once before, and

'Remember where you are," he said, harsh-"You may need my help to get you out of the hands of Darromed, and I am likely to refuse it if you retain your present opinions. An insult? What do you mean, girl? It is no insult I offer you—I, a gentleman high in social rank and in the army, and you the daughter of a penniless subaltern in the Yankee ser-

"You have said enough, sir, and my answer is given. I must beg you to leave me to my-self as I am not desirous of your company."

"I am afraid you do not know me," he said slowly. "You may drive me too far, and force me to show you what my power really There are worse fates than to be the wife of even so poor a man as Colonel McKay.'

"Yet I will dare them all, sir, in preference to such a fate. Leave me at once, and keep up your plots against the unhappy whites of the north-west. There is blood upon your soul, sir—the blood of the many unfortunates who have been slain in this cruel and useless war. Unborn thousands will know your history, only to execrate it bitterly; and McKay will be a bugbear to frighten children with in the after-times.

The colonel grated his teeth harshly together, and he made a half motion to raise his hand, as if he would have struck her. It was well for him he did not, for Handy Pat was standing not far away, and the expression of his face was anything but pleasant. If McKay had looked at him he might have had good cause to doubt whether he had a very safe servant in the Irishman. But Pat controlled himself, and approached them with a benig-

"That's right, masther. Phat business have she to talk that way to a colonel in the service av the king? Sthrike her wid yer fist av she looks at ye that way ag'in

This good advice had the effect the Irishman intended, for it drew the wrath of McKay to himself, and turning, he bestowed a buffet upon the unhappy Irishman which "brought the claret" from his nose in a plentiful stream.

"Sorra receive the hand av ye!" growled at. "Phat did ye hit me fur?" "To teach you to attend to your own affairs, you rascal. Interfere with me again and I will give you up to Darromed, and let him use

you as he intended. "No, thank ye. I don't care about it at all, av ye pl'ase, fur the Ingin don't look swate at me, seeing that I bate his hid at the island fight. Don't hit me ag'in, becase I don't like

Pat retreated, and McKay followed, full of wrath. He had made but little in his attempt upon Helen, and was satisfied that she despised him as much as ever. Two years before wound he had received by accident to make in time to see Helen and Pat. an asylum of her father's house, and had been refused so promptly that he had not the courage to renew his offer. Whether he had set the Indians to attempt her capture and follow her so persistently, she was still in doubt; but she knew that he was a man of great determination, and rarely gave up anything upon

which he had set his heart. The Irishman was in a quandary. Satisfied that his former master needed him, for the present he felt himself safe, but he had no guarantee that he would not deliver him over to the tender mercies of the British officers Harmar.' when they reached the post. Under these cir cumstances, it was not surprising that he did not care about staying under his new master any longer than was absolutely essential to his

own safety and well-being. Now see, masther," he said. "Will ye tell me where we are goin'?'

"Silence your stupid tongue!" commanded McKay. "It is enough for you to know that you are to obey me, and the first token of insubordination will be the signal for me to throw you into the hands of the Indians or of the troop from which you deserted."

"Sure ye wouldn't do that same, masther dear!" howled Pat. "I got tired av staying in wan place so long, an' I thought I'd thry this side av the line a bit. A poor gossoon like me ain't answerable for what he does," "I want you to understand my orders, then.

You are to watch that young lady night and day, and see that she does not escape. should be unfortunate enough to permit her to do that, you may as well drown yourself, for

I shall have no mercy upon you."
"'Deed an' I don't think you would, masther
dear," groaned Pat. "Il watch her; sorra time will I take me eye off her till she's safe wherever ye want to take her.'

'Very good; see that you keep to that idea and I will make it worth your while. I am a very good fellow as long as you do not make me trouble, and when you do, I am one of the worst men in the world. I have set my heart upon a certain object, and I intend to accom-

McKay strode away, leaving poor Pat standing like a statue, staring after him, evidently greatly troubled because he could not hit him "Oh, yis; a nice man ye ar', av I do say it phat shouldn't. I'd like to be at a tay-party

wid two or t'ree jist such bla'g'ards as you be. Whoo, it hurts me til the sowl av me that I don't dare to t'row a stone at ye, an' cave in yer hid. I'm to watch Miss Helen, am h'ard till av.'

Pat scratched his head and considered. "Now Masther Clinton is off, I dunno phat I'll do. Whoo! How it scared me whin he wint over the hill on the black horse! It's

ese days, sure.

McKay looked confused, and turned away ty to me. But, as I told you, it will be useless for me to try to get you out of his hands,

except in one way. You need not trouble yourself to tell me what that way is, sir," she said. "I think I can fathom your shallow plan."

"Still I must state it. If you will say that you are my wife, I can claim you from him, and he will give you up.' "Your wife; yours!"

The expression of utter detestation in her tone was so bitter that all the blood in Mc-Kay's veins seemed to turn at once to gall, and

me again. I have told you that I love you as tle. a man addressing a woman, as humbly as I You have only replied by insults, and I will not endure it. Now then, listen to me. You have looked your last upon your home, you have seen your father for the last time, unless you consent to go back as my wife."
"You are not in earnest?"

"Then," said Helen, turning her eves with piteous gesture in the direction of her home, dear fither, farewell! Now, sir, I am in your he ds. but remember that I come of as good ble das you, and our race prefer death to dishon r."

'What would you do?" "Kill you, if you dared to lay a hand upon me. Look"—she produced a small but keen dagger. "My lover gave me this, the man I am to marry, and in whose love I glory. Do you know who he is? The man whom to-day your red miscreants thought to hound to his death, but whom God in His great mercy and providence preserved so wonderfully. He escaped, and while he treads the earth you are

not safe." "Give up that dagger," hissed McKay "Not I! Come and take it, if you dare." He advanced, and she struck at him with

uch deadly earnestness that it was only by an agile spring backward that he saved himself from a severe wound. As it was, the point touched his breast, inflicting a slight cut. "Vixen!" he screamed, livid with passion:

'I believe you would take my life if you "If a rattlesnake coiled itself to strike its

fangs into your flesh, you would slay it, would "Ugh," said Darromed, who was looking on 'The white girl has a brave heart, and I love to see her raise her arm to defend herself.'

"I did not ask your opinion, sir," replied McKay, in an angry tone. "When I do, it will be time for you to interfere."

The chief answered only by a haughty stare

while Handy Pat lifted one leg from the ground and indulged in a pantomime which might have brought condign punishment upon him had his master seen him. "This haughty temper of yours shall be

brought very low," said the colonel, again addressing Helen. "In the mean time, get into onder canoe and I will follow. "Where am I to be taken?" she demanded.

"You will know when you reach it. I am not in the humor to answer the questions of one who does nothing except insult me. But beware; you shall surely be my wife, or a worse thing may happen to you."

With a look of lofty scorn Helen took her

ce in the canoe, and one after another four Indians followed with paddles, while McKay and Pat made up the number; and under the strokes of the paddles they shot rapidly down the stream. McKay took out a little Union Jack and elevated it upon a ramrod in the for enemies

Scarcely had they disappeared beyond a he had bowed his pride to make an offer of bend in the river when Morena appeared, and marriage to her, when he was forced by a Darromed was delighted that she had not come bend in the river when Morena appeared, and

"The woods are full of braves," she said. wind?"

"Big Whirlwind will meet the fate of other white chiefs who have come into the country of the Shawnee and the Wyandot," replied Darromed. "Before a sun has gone over your nead he shall sleep in a bloody grave.

"So will many braves of the nations," she declared. "I pray you do not stir up the warriors to battle, for they cannot beat the Big Whirlwind as they have beaten St. Clair and

"You will not believe that the nations are strong. They are not alone, for their brothers, the British, will give them aid."

"Why should you change masters?" she ked. "What the Americans want the redasked. coats will also demand. McKay is a snake in the grass, and his heart is full of evil. If you had heard the words he has spoken in the ears of Morena you would no longer trust him. 'Ha; did he insult Morena, Queen of the "He did."

"It is well that I was not by with a hatchet in my hand," hissed the chief. well to be careful, for the blood of a chief is wa m and may grow warmer.

"Are the chiefs determined upon battle?" she persisted, still eager to find out what they in-

"Yes; the nations cry out for war. But first we must put the fox asleep, and so we speak kind words in the ears of the white men, and when they are lulled to rest, the nations will come down like a flood.

Morena, by a series of skillful questions, made out that the attack would not be many nours deferred. Then, as she turned to go away, she remembered something.
"Chief," she said, coming quickly back,

'you know what I wear about my neck. It opens like a watch, and inside are two pictures, a man and a woman. Ever since I can remember I have worn this. Will you tell me from whence it came?'

Wagh!" cried the chief, angrily. "When had Morena so long a tongue? It is yours, and that is enough for you to know.' "Why should I not know?"

"Be silent, Morena, or you will arouse the great wrath of Darromed, whose heart has been kindled against you for many days. no more of the pictures, or I will tear the bauble from your neck and cast it into the water. Does it seem well for a daughter of the Wyan-'Deed an' I'll be the finest watcher ye ever | dots to love the pictures of those of the ac-

"Some of the blood flows in these veins, how much I do not know," replied Morena. And when you say you will take this picture from me, you know that you dare not; for your life thrust into a thick leathern sheath,

haughty gesture. Cowed by her manner, Dar-McKay had been in close consultation with Darromed, and now came forward again and camp, to carry Wayne the intelligence which I have interested myself in put him upon his guard against the Indians. mutilation if in a limb

was in her service and who told her exactly when the fight would begin, and under her direction he lighted the fire upon the hill-top which commanded a view of the battle-field. During the sanguinary conflict she stood upon the hill, looking down upon the strife, her fine face expressing her sorrow.

"Why would not my people listen, why would they not remember that my knowledge was greater than theirs? See, they fly before the disciplined men of Wayne, and there will be wailing to-night in the villages of the tribes,' she said, unconsciously,

me to despair? I warn you, as you value all you hold dear, to think before you dare insult me again. I have told you that I leave to the property of the prope 'Then the tribes should hear reason when

#### CHAPTER XXI.

A GENEROUS DEED.—MORENA AT MIAMI. "HAVE you found her?" cried the chief, eagerly, "or is she still in the hands of Darromed?"

"Darromed did not have her a few hours ago unless she was hidden somewhere, for I was in his camp. But, let me give you a guide, so that you may know which way to go. Darromed is a snake in the grass, but he has another friend, even worse than he. Have you eard the name of McKay, on the river?"

"Hugh!" was the guttural exclamation. See you how the blood of the red-man is flowing yonder? McKay is the cause, and I will not forget it. He it was who stirred up the Indian to fight against his white brothers, and now the power of the tribes must be broken.

"I have no fear that the white man will be beaten, and it is better so. The tribes must know their master. See, see!"

The Indians were broken and flying in wild disorder through the woods. They heard the charging cheer of the legion, and caught glimpses of their blue uniforms and bright bayonets dashing through the cover. A cloud of fugitives ran along the river bank in wild dismay, while some cast themselves into the stream, preferring rather to meet that fate

than to feel the steel of their pursuers.
"We must away," cried the Onondaga.
"My life would not be worth one of the shinng coins of the white man if I stayed."
"Go, then!" replied Morena. "I have no

fear of the coming Indians, for they know that I am a true friend."

Owasco turned and ran rapidly up the stream to a point half a mile above the scene of the battle, and sitting down in a place where a screen of bushes hid him from the view of those upon the other bank, he waited anxiously

When he escaped with Gilbert from the toils of the savages, into which they had been led by the treachery of McKay, he had been compelled to make a detour in order to get away from them, and when he considered himself safe, none of his party could be seen, nor had they answered his signals, and he was forced to believe either that they had perished or were prisoners in the hands of the enemy. He had turned back because he found the country full of Indians, advancing to the rendezvous of the Rapids, and he knew that the great struggle was about to commence, but

had not come in time to join it. Sitting concealed under the bushes, he was aware that a man in ragged and bloody attire was crawling down the opposite bank. In spite of the mask of blood and filth in which he was enveloped, Owasco knew his enemy, Darromed. After launching the poisoned arrow at Gilbert, he had made a circuit, and passing through the rear of the Americans, gained the bank of stern of the canoe, so that the savages, by whom the banks were lined, could not mistake them yould description in the savage chief in his blood-stained garb, and he was evidently halfmaddened by his misfortunes. He did not pause long upon the bank, but plunged boldly in, and when he appeared upon the surface swam vigorously toward the very spot where Owasco lay concealed. The Onondaga loosen-'Do the Indians mean to strike at Big Whirl- ed his hatchet and knife, and prepared for a desperate encounter, for he knew that Darromed would be no easy prev

The Wyandot reached the bank at last, and drew himself up slowly, evidently in great pain. Owasco then for the first time saw how badly wounded he was, and the generous heart which beat in his red bosom would not suffer him to assail a wounded man. But he lay quiet, while the chief slowly ascended the bank, when he sprung up suddenly and appeared before him, with his hand upon his

Darromed uttered a low, guttural cry, and looked at the Onondaga with a glance of fire, as he slowly drew his knife from his belt,

"Renegade dog!" he hissed, "You have stood upon the hights to laugh at the destruction of the greatest plot the Indians even framed; you, whose skin is red but whose heart is black; you, who should have stood by my side, fighting against the enemies of your Come to me, and I will give the crows your body to pick at. Your scalp shall not hang in my lodge, with the scalps of those who have fallen in battle bravely; I will tie a stone to it and sink it in the depths of a black river for it is not worthy to hang beside brave

Your blood has flowed fast and you have lost your mind, or you would remember that I have fought with you before," answered Owas co, quietly. "No, I am not a fool, neither an coward. When you are strong enough to fight, I will meet you, and teach you what it s to meet the wrath of an Onondaga chief. Where is Helen, the girl whose face is fairer

than the Night Spirit, whom you stole away?"
"Do I not say you are a coward? Who
ever dared to face Darromed in his anger? Where the white girl is I know, but you must dig deep into my heart to find the secret out. She is far away, and nevermore shall the white man gaze upon her, never hear her voice, sweet as the music of running water.

You must tell me!" replied Owasco, firmly "The secret is here," replied Darromed, beating upon his breast. "Come and find it. Owasco began to grow angry. He knew that at any time he was a match for Darromed, but now, when the Wyandot actually trembled from exhaustion, he had the game in his own of honor, and he restrained himself by an ef-

"You talk like a child," said he; "as if I could not see that your blood is flowing. Ha! put down your hand. If you touch the bow I will kill you like a dog.'

Darromed had upon his back a small steel bow, and at his side four or five arrows, Gilbert; phare the divil is he, anyway? An' the rid haythen, Owasco; a fine lad. I'll be the de'th av that bla'g'ard av a Darrymid wan ture of the chief, understood at once that the

your behalf," he said, "in spite of your cruel- After she left the camp she met an Indian who He saw that nothing but quick action could ed through, greeting them kindly. A canoe

side of Darromed and flung it into the stream. | word. The victory was even more rapid than he had hoped, for Darromed had not been aware how very weak he had become from loss of blood, not. and he was but a plaything in the hands of his foe. Before he had time to think, his only remaining weapon, his knife, was wrested from his grasp, and he was a prisoner in the hands

Why don't you strike?" he screamed. 'Why are you a fool, when you should be wise? I am the man who hates you, the man vho to-day took the life of Gilbert, the

teeth. "If I thought that true, I would bury my knife to the hilt in your heart." "It is true! The poison of the rattlesnake

is in his veins. Ah, ha!" "I begin to see blood before my eyes," mut-tered Owasco. "Dog, if you speak true, the death I will give you will be terrible. Say once more that you have slain him."

But Darromed was silent. The last flash from the eyes of Owasco had cowed him, and he dared not speak. 'Answer!" cried Owasco. "Have you

"Yes," replied Darromed. Owasco took out the buck-skin thongs from the leggins of his prisoner, and tied him secure-One of the poisoned arrows had dropped out upon the earth, and he picked it up, looking at it curiously. Then, with anything but an agreeable expression upon his face, he sat down

by the chief. "I want to know where the white girl and no man can tell so well as Darromed.

you not speak?" 'Owasco is a fool," was the reply "Yes. Owasco is such a fool that he wishes to see how poison works upon the flesh of a Wyandot. It is a strange thing that a little stain upon a steel-point is enough to take the life of a man. See! I am going to prick you

in the face. 'No, no!" screamed Darromed, for the first

time showing fear; "do not touch me."
"You are caught in the net you set for others. Tell me where Helen is, or I will

"She is with McKay, the red-coat agent," arromed confessed. "I speak true words, Darromed confessed. and now take away the arrow.' Owasco did nothing of the kind, but kept moving the horrible weapon backward and forward over the nose of the terrified chief.

who actually turned livid with affright. "What must I tell you now?" he cried 'Take it away or you will touch me."
"It is good!" persisted Owasco. "I have found one thing that Darromed fears. Where has McKay gone with Helen?"

"Down the river, and then to Detroit," replied Darromed.
"Good! Does he want her for his wife?"

demanded the Onondaga.
"Yes. Take away the arrow." "I will lay it down; and when I think you are lying to me, you are a dead man. Where is Waterman, the agent?'

"He escaped. He rode a wild horse over the Council Bluff, and got clear." Where is Pat, the Irishman?" "He is with McKay, to wait upon him, because he ran away from him long ago."

"And where is Gilbert the Guide, the friend who has been true to me so many years?"
"I do not know," answered the chief, sullenly; "he is a dog, and I hate him."

Owasco took up the arrow and approached it to the cheek of the bound man. chief did not flinch. He knew that if he acknowledged the death of Gilbert it would be his own passport to eternity.

"Are you telling me true words?" demanded the Onondaga, sullenly. "If you lie, you die upon the spot.' Darromed said nothing; and with a guttural

laugh the Onondaga cast the arrow into the stream cut the bonds upon the limbs of his prisoner, and assisted him to arise. "Go!" he said. "An Onondaga cannot strike an unarmed man, and one who is

wounded. We shall meet again. Now that the prospect of a horrible death by poison had passed away, the chief was him-

"Kill me!" he said, offering his breast. do not fear death by the knife or the hatchet, and I will not take life from your hands."

You must!" Owasco spoke, scornfully. "I warn you that I will never rest until you are dead, if you let me go." "I care not; I will not strike you. Go in

peace, and wait for the time when you will be strong enough to meet Owasco in battle.' For a moment Darromed stood before his nemy, his fierce eyes glaring living fires; and then he turned upon his heel and struck off into the pathless forest with slow, hesitating steps. Owasco looked after him a momen and then struck his trail, which he followed with patient vigilance through the woods.

Morena remained upon the headland watching the fugitive Indians. Some of them re-cognized her in passing, and their faces showd that they remembered her counsels for eace, and they felt that they would have done vell to listen to the Queen of the Lake, now that it was too late. She saw among them men who had been kind to her, as kind as was possible in men of their stoical natures, and she felt grieved for them, but knew that the lesson was a salutary one, and that they would not forget it.

She was thinking of Gandelion, and the words he had spoken when they last met. She elieved that he loved her; but, understanding the difficulties under which he labored, with sublime self-devotion she had determined to cast him off if he came to her and spoke of ove again. She would not drag him down, but leave him to work out his future as he might, unshackled by her love. For she did love him; all the strength of her pure young heart was in the passion, and she felt that for

such a man it would be glorious to die.
"Who am I?" she murmured. "My heart tells me that I am not all an Indian, and that I was born for a better life than this. No matter; whatever may come to me in the after years, I am glad to think I have done some good to my kind. This beautiful girl, Helen, will not leave me. She is in McKay's power, and I must and will take her from him. know that he set them to seize her, but where

has he taken her?"

She sat for some time in silence, with her head bowed upon her knees, lost in thought. Then she arose, and saw that the shades of evening were gathering about her; and not caring to spend the night alone in the woods. advanced at a rapid pace, and soon saw the walls of Fort Miami rising against the evening sky. A party of Indians, scattered about the beach gave way at her approach, and she pass

save him, and darting in, he threw his right arm about the body of the chief, pinioning his left arm to his side. As they went down to
just below the work. A sentry challenged her, gether, he snatched the little quiver from the and she gave her name, not having the

"There is the corporal," said the soldier. "I don't know whether he will pass you in or

"Colonel McKay would pass me if he heard I was waiting," she declared. "Let him know that Morena wishes to enter."

"The colonel is not here," replied the man, respectfully. "Corporal!" A soldier, holding that grade in the service, came up, and seeing who it was, passed her at

"I suppose you do not know that Madame ide." Legrange is in the fort," he said. "She came "Take care!" hissed Owasco, gritting his up from York\* with the last regiment to Detroit, and came from Detroit yesterday got orders to admit you at once, for she longs

> Morena uttered a little cry of delight. Madame Legrange was the lady who had taken so much pains to teach her, and who had earnestly entreated her to give up the tribe and become ner daughter. But Morena regarded it as her duty to be faithful to the tribe, and had refused. The garrison was all under arms as they pass-

> fiery leader might take it upon himself to assail them. The open space within the fort was full of armed men, and among others, she saw the broken force of Canadian militia which had

> ed in, for Wayne still continued hostile demonstrations outside, and they did not know but the

ided the Indians against Wayne. Several small houses had been built under the walls for the accommodation of the officers. The corporal entered one of these, and knocked at an inner door. A lady who was within sprung up as they entered, and with a cry of by caught Morena in her arms and pressed her

to her heart. "I am glad to meet you again, my darling," "How could you stay away from she said. me so long?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 235

#### DAKOTA DAN, THE RECKLESS RANGER:

The Bee-Hunter's Excursion. A WILD TALE OF THE KEYA-PAHA COUNTRY.

BY OLL COOMES. AUTHOR OF "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HUR-RICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BEE-HUNTER. IT had been the intention of the bee-hunters, that left Niobrara settlement, to go up the Nibrara river, and in fact they had started in that lirection; but by the earnest solicitation of Ishmael Searle, the government commission they were subsequently induced to change their minds and go up the Keya Paha. This change in their course had been decided upon before they reached the mouth of the last-mentioned stream, consequently no time was lost. It required a day, and half of the following night, to reach the field where they could begin operations; when they did, they went into

temporary encampment till the following Being skilled bordermen, and fully aware of their surrounding dangers, their first consideration was a camping-place where they would not be exposed to the sudden attacks of savages, should any, bent on mischief, happen that way. The point selected for this purpose was a small island in the Keya Paha. But as even this was within range of either shore, it was necessary that some sort of a barricade be constructed, and the men at once set about the work. Being provided with axes, they cut a number of long, slender logs along the riverto the island, notched the ends and laid them in a double wall six feet high. The space between the two walls was then filled in with stone and sand, and making an almost impreg-

Nothing in the way of bee-hunting was done hat day, but on the following morning five of the party were armed and equipped for a half a day's hunting, leaving five at the island to guard the camp—they to take the field in the

afternoon. Among those who went out were Ruben Gregg and Ishmael Searle, the government commissioner. On gaining the shore, every man took a different course. Each was provided with a small tin cup partially filled with noneycomb, and a small bottle filled with clear These were the tools of the bee-hunters, though many other articles could have been used to advantage had they possessed

Ruben Gregg was a professional bee-hunter, devoting most of his time to this occupation. He knew the nature of the wild bee—his hab its and peculiarities; and so he did not set his pait as soon as he had gained the woods, as most of his companions did. He had obvious reasons for this: he knew there were bees in bundance along the river, but they were there for water, and would not return directly to their hives on quenching their thirst, but in all probability go in an opposite direction, in search of flowers or something that yielded

sweets. The youth pushed on far into the woods, and finally seated himself on a fallen log. By his side he placed a piece of honeycomb, and filled a few of its cells from honey in the bottle. He had only to await now the coming of a bee. He did not grow restless nor impatient, for he knew that patience was one of the attributes of a successful bee-hunter. He passed the moments in reflection. Naturally thoughts went back to Edith and the settle-Would he have remained so passive had he known of the dangers through which his sweetheart had passed since he last saw her? or that, at that very moment, she and Dakota Dan were lodged in safety at the camp

he had just left? The buzzing of an insect near his head suddenly arrested the youth's train of thought; and glancing down at his side, he saw, to his eminent delight, a bee settle down upon his bait. Taking off his cap, he imprisoned the bee and bait under it, pressing the edge of the cap down so as to exclude every particle of light. He held it in this position some time. and when he finally removed it, he discovered the bee half buried in one of the honeyed cells. While in darkness, it had been led to believe that it was in its own hive, and had set to filling itself on the nectared sweets of the cell. Ruben waited until it had filled itself, and when it emerged from the cell and found open daylight around, it arose slowly upward, cir-

cled around as if to mark the spot, then dart-\* Toronto.

ed away in a straight line northward. The the uncertainty that hung over the life of her hither and thither, his body half-crouched upon trained eye of the young bee-hunter was en-abled to follow it some distance; and as it disappeared from sight, a smile of satisfaction lighted up his youthful face.

"A pretty good 'line,' I am sure," he mused; but here is another bee — two, three of them.

Sure enough, three more bees had settled upon the bait, and Ruben at once imprisoned them under his cap. When he removed the covering, he found the bees busy in the cells of the comb; but, one by one they came out, rose up, and having circled around the spot, flew away. Two of them went in the same direction as the first one, and the other in an opposite course.

Ruben arose, secured his bait, and started away to 'line' the course taken by the three insects. He moved quite rapidly for some distance, when he slackened his speed and began searching for his bee-tree.

Experience had taught him that the wild bee usually made its hive as high from the ground as possible; and that the eye alone ould not be depended on entirely, as the hight of the insects or the dense foliage concealed them from view, as they passed in and out of their hive. As their homes are always made in a hollow tree, the bee-hunter first selects a tree whose outward appearance bears evidence of inward defect. Then he makes the circuit of the tree, glancing carefully along the body for the entrance of the hive. If failing in discovering any hole, he places his ear against the trunk of the tree, and if the bees are active, and his sense of hearing is acute, he can generally hear a dull, buzzing sound vibrate along the body of the tree.

Ruben finally came across a large tree whose lower parts showed signs of inward decay, but the foliage was so dense that he made no attempt to test its secrets by the eye, but at once applied his ear to the body of the tree. He started, and a cry of delight burst from his lips. Up among the foliage he could hear the buzzing of myriads of wings quite distinctly. He could not see the bees, however; nor was he positive that they were in the tree under which he stood. There were other large trees standing near, and even mingled their boughs with those of the one first selected, and should he make a mistake in the tree, as he was liable to do when depending entirely upon the ear, it would cause a great deal of confusion and unnecessary labor when it came to securing To determine this, the youth extended his search still further. A novice would have become discouraged with half the pains already expended by young Gregg; but the youth felt amply rewarded for his pains, when, upon searching among the moss and leaves for other evidences of the true bee-tree, he found a number of dead bees, some small bits of honeycomb, and other matter usually expunged from the hive of an active and healthy colony of bees.

Being satisfied now that the tree under which

he stood was the right one, Ruben walked out a few paces from its trunk and circled around and around it, until he finally discovered the place where the bees entered the hive. He now made a survey of the surrounding vicinity in order to familiarize himself with the locality and select the best place to fall the tree. As this was usually done after night, when convenient to camp, it was highly necessary that the hunter make all his calculations so there would be no delay, nor trouble of lodging one tree in another.

The youth having thus made his calculations, took out his knife and cut a perpendicular gash in the bark of the tree on the side on which it was to be fallen. Under this he cut his own private mark, so that other hunters could not lay claim to the tree and its trea-

His day's work thus completed, he started

on his return to camp.

A low, soft whistle, full of meaning, sudden-

an standing half con cealed in a clump of shrubbery not far away. At the same instant he saw the man's arm sweep through the air—he heard something come clipping through the leaves-something blurred his vision, and with a groan he sunk unconscious to the earth-stricken down by the hand of a hidden foe!

CHAPTER XIII.

A REVELATION. THE sun stood upon his noontide meridian, and poured his warm rays down upon the glimmering bosom of the Keya Paha and the camp

of the bee-hunters.

Eager, expectant eyes watched either shore from the little barricade, expecting each mo-ment the return of the five hunters that had gone out in the morning.

Soon they began to drop in one by one until four had come. Ruben Gregg was still absent. An hour went by and he came not. Grave fears for his safety were now being written upon every face; and there was one pair of watchful eyes in the camp that filled with tears—a pair of lips that quivered with some deep emotion. These were Edith Duf-

Soon after the departure of the five bee-hunters in the morning, Dakota Dan, Jonathan Duncan, Edith and Mehitable were safely lodged in the camp of their friends.

Edith's heart beat joyously in the expectation of meeting Ruben. The time and circumstances under which she anticipated their meeting, would be a happy and joyous surprise to him. She was bitterly disappointed, however, when on arriving at the island, she learned that he had departed but a few minutes previous. With all the impatience and anxiety of youth, she watched the sun creep slowly up the heavens. It seemed to her as though noon would never come, and that at times the sun stood still. But at length the hour for her lover's return came, and when the others came in and he did not, her heart grew sad with disappoint-

ment and fear. Dakota Dan had astonished the bee-hunters with the intelligence that a large party of Sioux were in the vicinity, and upon the warpath with a vengeance. And had the party all been present at the time, measures would have been taken for an immediate return to the set-

In fact, those at the camp talked the matter over, and resolved, with the concurrence of the taken. others, to return home as soon as the party came in. But the non-appearance of Ruben defeated all their calculations. They would not go off without him, or a knowledge of his

So they waited until he had sufficient time to get around, in case he was not in trouble, or

lover became almost agony itself.

Ishmael Searle, the commissioner, excused himself from partaking in the search for Ruben, upon the grounds of his ignorance of the lore of the border. As he could make a full hand, however, in defending the place, he felt that he would be no incumbrance there, and so

decided to remain.

He saw that Edith was in trouble about Ruen, and endeavored to console her grief without compromising a knowledge of the source of her sadness. But Edith had little to say to him, or to any one, in fact.

It was evident to the observing Jonathan Duncan that Ishmael Searle was enamored with the maiden, and was endeavoring to draw her aside that he might engage in private conversation with her. At the same time, it was also evident that Edith managed to evade the commissioner, as if she anticipated his object.

Duncan himself had also proved a source of annoyance and uneasiness to Edith, nor was he entirely ignorant of the fact. He had, quite frequently, permitted himself to be caught studying her features in a solicitous manner He was trying to compare the features of the maiden with those of the picture taken from him by White Falcon; and the longer he gazed at her the stronger became his conviction that she was the child of the Lonsdales.

During the afternoon, he gained the opporunity to say:

"I beg you will pardon my seeming want of manners, Miss Dufford, in staring you out of countenance. But, if you will give me a minute's private conversation, I will explain why I have done so, and may tell you something to our advantage.

Edith breathed freer now; she granted the interview, and walked with Duncan to the op-

posite side of the little fort. "First, I wish to inquire, Miss Dufford, whe-

ther or not your parents are living?" Edith was surprised by the question. It was so different from what she had expected that she felt herself disappointed. She had hoped that he had something good to tell her of Ru-ben—or at least, some idea to advance regarding the youth's prolonged absence from the camp. In a tone that was indicative of her disappointment, she said:

"They are not living."
Had Edith been looking at the man, she vould have seen the corners of his mouth twitch, and a light of satisfaction and delight

"Have you relatives living at Niobrara?" he

uestioned. "I have an uncle," she replied, wondering whether she was committing herself in a man ner that would some day bring her sorrow and

"Then you live with your uncle?" Duncan "I do."

"Is he your father's or mother's brother?"

"Mother's." "Is he an aged man?"

"He is about fifty, I believe."
"Was he a boatman on the—

fore he came to Niobrara, or at any time in his

"He may have been, though I can not answer for certain."

"What is your age?" "Nineteen," Edith replied; "but I am sure," she continued, "I confess my ignorance of what you desire to learn, or find out, by ques-

ioning me concerning my friends.' "You will please pardon me, Miss Dufford, if I decline for the present to tell you more than this: I am searching for the lost heir or heiress of a large Eastern estate, and have thought, with good grounds for it, too, that you are the person I am looking after. However, I do not wish to compromise myself fur-ther, for fear the rightful individual, whoever that may be, would be defrauded, if the object of my search becomes publicly known. Still, I have every reason to believe, Miss Dufford, ly arrested his attention.

He stopped and gazed around. He caught that you are the individual. If you will grant me another interview, after the trouble and uneasiness consequent upon the absence of the young bee-hunter is settled, I will make a destatement of facts to you. It is not probable that you can fully establish yourself without the concurrence of your uncle and aunt, as there are incidents-links in the great chain of evidence—which only they can sup-

ply. A puzzled, reflective look settled upon Edith's face. In all her life she had never heard the slightest intimation of what Duncan had hinted to her; and but for the positive assurance of the man, the earnestness and honesty of his face and tone, she would have believed he was trying to deceive her for some purpose or oth-Even as it was, she thought he was mistaken in the person he was in search of. She knew her uncle and aunt were honest people, and would keep nothing of her parentage con-

cealed from her, through evil motives. Having promised Duncan another interview,

of the party. Duncan assured himself that what had passed between him and Miss Dufford had been unheard by any but themselves inside of the little defense. But in this he was mistaken. The keen ear of Ishmael Searle had drank in nearly every word of their conversation. And soon after the interview had ended, the commissioner was seized with a strong desire to go out and aid in the search for Ruben; and as no one urged any serious objections, he immediately took his departure.

'Lord!" exclaimed Jonathan, aside to young Hobart, "I wish Dakota Dan was here now. I'd have him follow Ishmael Searle to the end of the world!

"Why so, Mr. Duncan?" asked Hobart

"There's something wrong about that man."
"Do you wish to insult me, Jonathan Duncan?" Hobart asked, firing up with resentment.

Mr. Searle, sir, is a gentleman, and—"
The report of a firearm came through the woods, cutting short the conversation between Hobart and Duncan—calling their attention in the direction of the sound.

CHAPTER XIV.

DAN MAKES A DISCOVERY.

When Dakota Dan and his dog left the island in search of Ruben Gregg, they moved briskly and silently away through the forest in light that Ruben was supposed to have the island in a canoe, "You'll have to leave the island in a canoe, wall then drop right down the

The ranger had left his mare on the opposite side of the river, free to roam at will and feed

upon the green herbage of the woods. Dan was satisfied that the young bee-hunter had fallen into the hands of the Sioux, if he certain that no prying ears will hear what is had not been shot down in the forest. As he said. You want to make certain of the moveproceeded along, the ranger kept his whole at- ments of the bee-hunters; the strength of their had ventured further away than had been consistent with the time allotted him, and not have which was allowed to precede him. He knew the most accessible point for an attack. Just and 20 over. ing made his appearance, parties were sent out | the keen scent of the dog would not fail, where in various directions in search of him—Dakota his own sight would, in detecting the trail of clutches, the latter dead or alive, is all we Dan and his dog Humility being the first to the red-skins, were there any in the vicinity.

the ground.
"Struck it, by Judea! ar'n't ye, old dorg?"

The dog looked toward his master and wagged his tail. Dan stopped and reconnoitered the surrounding vicinity, but could detect no sign of enemies about. He turned his attention to the movements of his dog. The animal had stopped and was sniffing around a certain spot in a manner that told Dan he was off the trail. Advancing to where he was the ranger saw the cause of Humility's queer actions. There was a pool of blood upon the ground and leaves, and this had deadened the scent of the animal and prevented him from following up the trail of the red-skin.

The blood was coagulated, although it had not been long shed, and a careful examination of the surroundings convinced him that it was the very spot where some person had fallen under a blow. He found innumerable moccasin tracks in the soft soil around the blood and among these was the unmistakable imprint of a white man's booted foot. This surprised Dan. It was now evident to him that some white man who had not discarded the foot-wear of civilization, had had a hand in the affair that shrouded Ruben's disappearance in mys-

Dakota Dan was not the man to allow such a matter to pass idly. He carefully raked the old leaves aside in order that he could see more perfectly the shape and outline of the He found it so plain and sharply defined that there was not a single doubt as to its exact size, and cutting a slender stick, he measured the length of the track, and its breadth; he charged his memory as to its shape, and made a mental calculation as to the probable heft of

the man by the indentation of the foot. This done the ranger led his dog away from the blood, washed his muzzle at a little stream hard by, then circled the spot where the man had fallen until the dog again struck the trail of the departing red-skins. He knew, by frequent drops of blood along the way, that it was the trail of the party that had the wounded person in custody. But to his surprise, he discovered that the booted foot was not among those of the red-skins. He shook his head dubiously, while a vague suspicion rushed across his mind—the suspicion that some of Ruben's own friends had been accessory to this murder, if murder it was.

He had followed the trail two or three miles when Humility suddenly came to a stop, and crouching his whole form upon the earth, glanced back at his master, then thrust his nose between his paws and moved his tail in a slow. serpent-like motion.

By Judea! he p'ints danger; the game's in sight! Steady now, ole Tri-angle."

He stepped aside and concealed himself in a

dense clump of bushes, calling Humility to his A few minutes later a white man came from the west and paused within a few paces of where Dan was concealed. It was Ishmael

Searle, the government commissioner A few minutes later he was joined by the otorious renegade chief, White Falcon! It was evident that they had met by ap-

Dan bent his head and heard Searle ask, as the chief drew nigh:

Well, did you get him secured?"

"Yes, he's where he'll not be found soon again. He's come to his senses, and has quit bleeding. Lord! you must have given him a bleeding. Lord! you must have given him a terrible jolt on the head. But how's matters "Complicated."

Dan ground his teeth and gripped his knife till the bones in his fingers fairly cracked.

"Dakota Dan and Jonathan Duncan, with the women, are there, as I told you before," the ranger heard the villain Searle continue "I overheard Duncan talking with Edith, and he appeared to be pretty well satisfied that she is the right person. Dakota Dan is out look ing for Gregg, as are others of the bee-hunters also. By keeping a close look-out, you may canture them; and every one killed or co tured of course will weaken the defense of the

"To be sure it will," mused Dakota Dan "You can't kidnap the girl, then?" White

Falcon asked. "No," responded Searle. "I figured the question in every possible way, but there is no chance whatever. She is too closely guarded. The only hope lays in storming the de-In that way we could get Duncan himself, perhaps; if so, we may force him to reveal all that would be of importance to us in this matter."

"Well, what then?" questioned Donald

Gray.
"Then, if I cannot induce Edith to wed me, we can keep her in custody, and substitute an

heiress that would favor our plans."

"That's so, Searle," replied the chief.

"You are a deep one, Ishmael—as scheming as you are deceiving. Ha! ha! ha!—Ish Sor the two separated and mingled with the rest rel a Government commissioner! That is a good one. What a set of blockheads them Niobrarians must be to let themselves be taken in by such a man in such a manner! I'll bet you could keep it up all fall, and they wouldn't be any the wiser for it. They don't know more than the man in the moon who are agents and who are not."

Dakota Dan fingered his rifle nervously, and but for the presence of two-score of savage warriors but a short distance away, he would have put an end to the existence of the two As it was, he was compelled to forego all hostile demonstrations; but he felt amply repaid by what he had heard, and chuckled to himself in anticipation of what was to come.

"You're complimentary, Donald," Searle replied; "very complimentary. But see here; you keep your tools scouring the woods for those fellows that are now out, and I will return forthwith to the island and keep an eye and ear open for the programme of the bee-hunters. If I should have a voice in the proceedings, bet your life I'll make it to our advantage. That old Dan, however, is likely to be the chief spokesman and head-center of the party, and it will require great caution and skillful head-work to outwit him. But, as I was going to say, I will meet you to-night

won't you?—well, then drop right down the river, and I, with an escort of warriors, will meet you in a canoe in the middle of the stream, opposite the mouth of Rattlesnake creek. We can hold our conference there, so we get the girl and Duncan into our

excuse between now and then, in order to get away from the island without being sus-

"Oh, that'll be no trouble for Ish Sorrel to do," replied Donald Gray, with a low, wicked laugh "Then again let it be understood that we

meet at moon-rise on the river, opposite the mouth of Rattlesnake creek." "Yes; at moon-rise, opposite Rattlesnake

mouth," repeated Gray.

"Jist so," mured the old ranger, rubbing his hands with delight, and chuckling in glee; "jist so, my birds of Paradise. At moon-rise, on the river oppersite the Rattle-snake's mouth! Well, I'll admit I don't like rattlesnake's mouths, but never mind; I'll meet ye thar, my brace of worthy, wemin-stealin' cavaliers; bet yer gizzards on't, I will. Oh, yes! Dan-i el Rackback 'll be thar, and his mussel, too."

Without further conversation the two plotters, Searle and Gray, separated, each one go-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 240.)

## Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

PREPARING FOR 1875. Notes of preparation are now to be heard n the professional camps for the great battle of 1875, although the season for making fresh engagements is not yet arrived. Last year quite a demoralizing effect was produced among the existing professional nines, owing to the course pursued by several players of the professional nines of 1873 in signing agreements to play with other club nines, before they had closed play with the clubs they then belonged to. To put a stop to this evil, the Professional Association at their last Conven tion, in March, 1874, adopted the following rules, governing the contracts between clubs and players. The rules in question will be found in Beadle's Dime Book of Base-Ball, in Rule Third, sections 4 and 5 of the playing rules of the game, and are as follows:

PLAYERS VIOLATING CONTRACTS. SEC. 4.—No player who is under an existing and valid contract to play base-ball with any club belonging to the Professional Association shall be allowed to play in the nine of any other club of the Association in any regular match game until the contract has been duly canceled. And any member who shall, while a legal member of a Professional Association club, bind himself to serve as a player in any other professional organization—whether be longing to this Association or not—shall forfeit the entire amount of his salary, or be liable to expulsion from the Association, at the option of the Association Judiciary Committee, before whom the case shall be heard.

AGREEMENTS TO BE IN WRITING. SEC. 5-No contract between club and player shall be deemed valid, except it be signed by the player who is engaged and the President or Manager of the club which engages him; and except, also, it be signed by two

witnesses, one for each party.

Now it matters not whether the club a player belongs to be either a mere co-operative club or a regular stock company organization, so long as he signs a written contract he is

bound by the above rules.

Not being aware of this fact, Burdock, Higham and Carey of the Mutuals signed to play with the Hartford club in 1875, and hav-key. But ball-playing for money, when honing previously signed written agreements to play with the Mutuals in 1874, of course their contracts to play with any other club until after the expiration of their term of service for 1874, were null and void. Moreover, they render themselves liable to expulsion from the Association if the case should be brought be-

fore the Judiciary Committee, a very serious result to a professional player nowadays. PROFESSIONAL NOTES. Among the players now out of the market are the following: White, Spalding, O'Rourke, Barnes, Schafer, George Wright, Leonard, H. Wright, McVey, and Beals, who have all sign-

ed contracts to play with the Boston club again in 1875. Mathews and Start have sigged to play with

the Mutual club in 1875. Mills and Tipper are to be retained in the Hartford club it is rumored that Ferguson will captain the Hartford nine in 1875, and that Bond will be

their pitcher. Al Wright, the secretary of the Athletic club and their old scorer, has been engaged as manager for the St. Louis Base-Ball Associa-tion, the new professional club of the West.

Stearns and Hastings are to join the new Chicago nine.

Pike is to be one of the new St. Louis professional team in 1875.

The Boston and Hartford clubs both decline o play on Sundays during their visits to St. Louis, and the new organization just formed there will also prohibit its nine from playing ball on Sundays. This shows that the new

club is not to be controlled by gamblers; if it were, they would go in for playing on Sundays or any other day of like character.

Professional club managers make two great nistakes in their selection of nines. First, when they take into their service men who have been open to suspicion of fraudulent play; and again, in selecting players who can not work harmoniously in harness together. They apparently only look to mere playing skill in home positions, when it is very tial to consider a player's character, habits

THE BEST GAMES OF SEPTEMBER. Thirty-eight professional games were played during September, and of these the following were marked by the finest fielding displays, as the small scores show:

associations and disposition.

the small scores show:

Sept. 26. Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn....
Sept. 23. Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Phila...
Sept. 24. Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
Sept. 2 Baltimore vs. Chicago, at Baltimore.
Sept. 28. Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brook vn...
sept. 10. Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
Sept. 8. Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn...
Sept. 12. Philadelphia vs. Hartford, at Hartford
Sept. 15. Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn...
Sept. 18. Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston...
Sept. 19. Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston...
Sept. 3. Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Phila...
Sept. 3. Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford...
Sept. 10. Bartford vs. Chicago, at Phila...
Sept. 10. Bartford vs. Chicago, at Phila...
Sept. 22. Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
Sept. 22. Boston vs. Baltimore, at Boston...
Sept. 21. Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia.
Sept. 30. Baltimore vs. Hartford, at Hartford...
Sept. 30. Baltimore vs. Hartford, at Hartford...
Sept. 30. Baltimore vs. Hartford, at Hartford...
Sept. 30. Baltimore vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn...
Sept. 24. Atlantic vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn...
Sept. 24. Atlantic vs. Boston, at Boston...
The general average for the month was f

The general average for the month was fourteen and over, the average of the winning nines being 9 and 15 over, and of the losing nines 4

CHICAGO GAMES. The record of games played in the professional arena in 1874, in which one side failed leave the fort.

The afternoon was passed wearily, uneasily and anxiously enough at the island. To Edith,

By the Boston Club. 8, Boston vs. Baltimore ... 29, Boston vs. Philadelphia. 9 Boston vs. Atlantic ... 2, Boston vs. Atlantic ... By the Mutual Club May 30, Mutual vs. Atlantic. Aug. 31, Mutual vs. Atlantic. Sept. 1. Mutual vs. Hartford. 6. Mutual vs. Athletic. By the Philadelphia Club April 22, Philadelphia vs. Baltimore June 1, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic. June 4, Philadelphia vs. Mutual... By the Chicago Club. May 13 Chicago vs. Athletic.... Aug. 29, Chicago vs. Baltimore... Sept. 14, Chicago vs. Boston.....

No other clubs were successful in similarly disposing of their adversaries up to Oct. 15. "YONKERS."

Among the record of defeats in which the

haatan	nines scored but a single run-known
(XI	mines scored but a single run—known
Yonk	ers"—we find up to Oct. 15 the follow
ing games:	
June 8.	Mutual vs. Chicago 38
Aug. 26,	Philadelphia vs. Atlantic
JCI. D.	Mutual vs. Baltimore 17
June 20,	Boston vs. Hartford
sept. 9,	Mutual vs. Baltimore
Sept. 12.	Chicago vs. Hartford
sep. 25.	Boston vs. Baltimore
sept. 21.	Athletic vs Atlantic
July o.	Curcago vs. Ballamore
june o,	Hartiord vs. Atlantic.
une 8,	Mutuai vs. Baltimore
May 13.	Boston vs Hartford
May 7.	Athletic vs. Philadelphia
Sept. 2,	Athletic vs. Philadelphia 7 Baltimore vs. Chicago 5 Mutual vs. Atlantic 5
Sept. 28,	Mutual vs. Atlantic 5
oct. 2.	Mutual vs. Baltimore 4
Tune 26,	Mutual vs. Baltimore
uly 18.	Chicago vs. Philadelphia
Sept. 25,	Atlantic vs. Chicago 3
	GATE-MONEY AMATEUDS

A class of base-ball players have sprung up in the community, whom we can call by no better name than "gate-money amateurs." Having a false and ridiculous pride about earning money as honest professionals, they object to be classed under that head, preferring to call themselves "amateurs," and yet so eager are they to participate in any pecuniary receipts derivable from ball-playing that they do not hesitate to go in for a share of gate-money whenever they can get a chance. Now, when an amateur club goes on a summer tour and has not enough funds to pay traveling-expenses, they may be excusable for availing themselves of a share of gate-money; but under any other circumstances their doing so is nothing but professional work. There is no questioning the fact of the soundness of the rule which makes any ball-player a professional who either receives a stated yearly salary, or daily or weekly wages for his services; or who shares in any gate-money receipts. These unquestionably play ball for money, and thereby are as much professionals as the regular members of the professionals as the regular members of the stock company base-ball association. Why there should be this feeling of shame at being known as a "professional," we know not, except that the professional fraternity have of late years been brought into some bad odor by the brought deads of a small majority of their the knavish deeds of a small majority of their class. But professional ball-playing, when honestly performed, is as creditable as any other occupation connected with out-door or in-door sports. Of course, a dishonest professional is simply just such a degraded being as estly engaged in, is a creditable occupation, and no man possessing the ability to play ball well need be in any way ashamed of it. It is rather mean, though, to claim to be an amateur while slyly sharing gate-money receipts, or being

TO ADVERTISERS. A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil

CHILDREN'S GAME CO.," Buffalo, ant Agents Everywhere. Large Sales. Big Pay. 244-2t.

\$10 to \$100—Invested in Stocks and Gold pays 200 per cent, a month. Send for particulars. Tumbridge & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall St., N. Y. 240-13ta

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. \$5 per day at home. Terms Free. Address Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, 207-1y.

\$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted; particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 243-4t.\*

This is No Humbug.

By sending 35 cents and stamp with age, hight, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Box No. 88, Fultonville. N. Y. 240-13t.

ANOTHER CHANCE! FIFTH AND LAST GIFT CONCERT IN AID OF THE

Public Library of Ky. POSTPONED TO November 30th, 1874.

DRAWING CERTAIN AT THAT DATE. LIST OF CIFTS. Grand Total, 20,000 Gifts, all cash....\$2,500,000 PRICE OF TICKETS.

 

 Whole Tickets
 \$ 50 00

 Halves
 25 00

 Tenths or each Coupon
 5 00

 11 Whole Tickets for
 500 00

 22 1-2 Tickets for
 1,000 00

 For Tickets or information,
Address THO. E BRAMLETTE,

Agent and Manager, Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.,

or, THOS. H. HAYS & CO., 609 Broadway, New York.

#### ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

How very strange some words will run
When thrown in measures runic!
The very worst or perfect tune
Has naught to do with tunic.
You can not call a fighting our
By any means a colonel,
And thoughts which people might infer
Can not be called infernal.

A man who's caught out in the rain

Can not be called a ranger; And he who suffers from a strain May never be a stranger.
The man who bears aloft the flag
Means no harm that is flagrant;

And though my meanings may be vague It is no sign I'm a vagrant.

The man who sleeps upon a bank
Not always is a banker;
But gentlemen of wealth and rank
Are sometimes filled with rancor.
Whene'er a warrior feels blue
It's no sign he's a Blucher,
And he whose hopes and fears are few
Cares little for the future.

The good acts which a person does
You might count by the dozen;
But would you call an o'nary cuss,
Though relative, a cousin?
A woman for her daily need
May turn unto her needle;
But I don't think that Adam Bede
Was e'er elected beadle.

Because you hold a magic wand
It's no sign that you wander,
And if you fall into a pond
It's no sign that you ponder.
The man who robs a funeral pyre
Might sure be called piratic;
The buying of a mat that's new
Can not be called pneumatic.

A man might sleep upon a stoop
And not be in a stupor;
But then the man who builds a coop
Don't always be a cooper.
The man who always shows his ire
Might have no nerves of iron;
But if you heed your thoughtful sire
You'll not be caught by siren.

The man who deals before a bar
Is often forced to borrow,
And when sweet things will turn to sour
They fill us most with sorrow.
Well, well, these puns if you shall con
Will make you quite a condor,
And if you can but make out one
Why, that will be a wonder.

## "Tricking" the Kiowas.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"WHAT under the sun does that mean?" These words came from the lips of a young man who, in company with three comrades abruptly drew rein and cast keen, inquiring glances around them. Upon every hand stretched the broad, level prairie, guiltless of tree or irregularity as far as the human eye could reach. Nothing save the floor-like level, extending, apparently, to the horizon upon every side.

And yet significant sounds came to the ears of the four travelers. The rapid, confused trampling of horses' hoofs; the faint, distant yell, now single, now swelling in chorus. And all this without a living soul in view.

For some moments the hunters glanced at each other, their superstition aroused. But then the eldest of the party—a bony, grizzled specimen of humanity named Jack Gavin—

"Four fools in one outfit-reckon we'd better sell out! In co'se thar's a step-off out yen-

The other hunters stared at each other sheepishly. Well acquainted with that portion of the country as they were, it was curious none of them had divined the mystery before. They remembered now that the vast expanse of country between them and the Rocky Mountains was one series of gigantic plateaus, one raised above another, like the steps of a staircase. As a general thing, these descents are almost perpendicular, and may not be noted until one is within a few hundred yards of the verge. Such was the case just

"You fellers 'tend to the critters," muttered Gavin, as he dismounted. "I'll snake up an' ee what's goin' on. Thar's Injuns down thar, an' I reckon they're jest havin' a high-daddy

The old trapper glided forward for nearly a quarter of a mile, then crouched still lower and crawled on until he had gained the very edge of the plateau. It was as he had reckon-ed—there were Indians below, and they were having a "high-daddy time."

Gavin cautiously turned and made several signals to his comrades. In obedience to them, the animals were led forward to within a couple of hundred yards of the precipice—for such it might fairly be called—then hobbled and blinded. Secured thus the mustangs would stand day in and day out without moving or making a sound.

This precaution taken, the quartette were soon lying along the escarpment, their heads well shielded with bunches of grass. And truly it was a curious sight that met their eager

Upon the level below there were full twoscore savage warriors-Kiowas, as Jack Gavin declared. From these had emanated the suspicious sounds that arrested the tra-

Barely visible in the distance was the stillsmoldering ruins of a wagon-train. From this had the Kiowas drawn material for their unique sport.

Two gaudily-bedecked braves were urging their snorting mustangs swiftly from each other. To the tail of each animal one end of a ball of brilliant-hued calico was tied. With a sharp pluck the stout cloth was stretched taut—then it parted near the middle. Yelling and jabbering loudly, the riders gathered up their pieces and carried them to a brawny brave who, holding erect a long lance supporting the gory, ghastly head of a pale-face, evidently acted as referee, for he compared the pieces and gave them both to the brave who had handed him the longest one. with variations, the division of the spoil was

"Look yender! a pettycoat, by ge-mently!" abruptly muttered Gavin, pointing further up night's ride decided the fate of Harry Coon.

Lying close at the base, the hunters now distinguished two bodies-and one of them was unmistakably that of a woman.

"Dead, I guess," ventured Harry Coon "No, I see'd her lift her head a bit sence. They're captyves. Poor devils! I reckon they'd 'a' made money by bein' rubbed out at once't, like the rest o' the outfit. Them Kiowas is born devils—they is so!"

"Can't we rescue them?" eagerly added

"Four ag'inst forty, an' them forty Kiowas, which is rip snorters in a muss! We'd stand jist about as much show as we would tryin' to put out a weed prairie fire a-spittin' tobacco-

juice at it—no more.' "Reckon you cain't see cl'ar to-day, Jack," quietly interposed Foxy Chase. "Look back dealer for free copies of the GIFT Number, contain-

an' three kaggs. 'F I don't miss my guess, thar's gwine to be a bustin' old drunk 'round hyar afore many hours. You hear me!"
"And then we will have a chance to steal

off with the captives?" 'Ef the varmints don't rub 'em out afore

blind drunk comes—yas," grunted Zack Hines.
"If the imps tries that, one will sing his death song, anyhow," muttered Coon.
"We'll do the best we know how fer 'em.

But you mustn't spile things by bein' overbrash. I'm in big hopes the corn-juice yender'll make it a easy job fer us. The varmints is sure to git drunker 'n b'iled owls, an' s'posin' they don't rub out the captyves fust, the thing 'll be easy enough. All we kin do now is wait," added Jack Gavin.

After this discovery, the time dragged wearily enough to the four hunters; and whenever an Indian moved nearer the captives, their hearts throbbed fast and painfully, lest it should be the signal for a tragedy they were

powerless to prevent.
"Don't believe there's any liquor in the barrels," muttered Coon, uneasily. "'Tisn't in Indian blood to keep from swilling for so long, when whisky is so close and handy."

"Keep cool, boy," replied Gavin. "Kiowas ain't fools. They wouldn't 'a' tuck the trouble to tote empty bar'ls so far, an' ef they'd 'a' emptied 'em sence, you wouldn't see so much cute ridin' as is goin' on down thar. Wait ontil they're done 'vidin' the drygoods fust; then they'll wade into the wet groceries,

At length the sun set and night escended. The Kiowas side-hoppled their ponies and turned them loose to feed. They gathered a lot of brush and buffalo chips, and soon had a huge fire blazing. The head of one of the casks was knocked in, and the orgie began.

'We mustn't lose no time," muttered Gavin. "Them imps may take a notion to hev some fun wi' the captyves, when they git crazy drunk. Get your laryits—tie 'em together. Make haste!'

Firmly knotting the rawhide lassoes together, the trappers crept along until directly above the two captives. Then the rope was made fast beneath Gavin's armpits, and he was lowered to the level below. The captives were evidently alarmed, but the old man quickly reassured them.

## Mr. Bessemer's Lesson.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"THERE is no use talking, Annie; we must retrench. Expenses must be reduced. Mr. Bessemer had been figuring diligently

for the last half-hour in his little memorandumbook; and Mrs. Bessemer, with a pile of bright worsteds in her lap, from which she was matching a slipper pattern, wondered what ever could be so engaging him.

Now, when he did speak, and so suddenly, and, we are bound to admit, so crossly, and shut up his little account-book with a small slam, she looked up inquiringly.
"Our expenses are not very large, George

At least I never considered them large." "I dare say you don't. You women have precious ideas of money affairs."

Just the tiniest suspicion of a quiver trem-bled on Annie's lips; then she smiled brightly "But you mustn't be cross to me, George.

had no idea you were straitened in your business; why have you never told me before?" Mr. Bessemer gave a queer, indistinct growl, then settled back in his chair, twirling his leadpencil between thumb and fingers. "Well, I've told you now, at any rate, and

I'm sure I don't mean to be cross either. Only, Annie, I can't afford to spend so much money on so many unnecessary things as there are in I need all above our actual expenses in the business."
"I thought business was good. There al-

ways seems plenty of people in the store when I am there. Only, George, I wish you would tell me what you mean by 'unnecessary ex-

Annie was looking very earnestly in her husband's face; and there was a puzzled expres sion added to the seriousness of her pretty brown eyes. Annie Bessemer was not an extravagant woman, and she knew it perfectly well. She was a capable, managing woman, who could make a dollar go further than many women could make two go, and she was well aware of that, too.

So, what could George mean? He colored a pair of hands as I."

of him he couldn't tell; and then Annie went out of the room.

It looked very strange; from French roof to basement, there was no look of that delightful coziness that characterizes home, and even Mr. George Bessemer, whose suggestion had wrought all the change, wondered, until it suddenly occurred to him what was the matter. Not a "gimerack" visible. Not a tidy, a mat, no mantel-cover, no card-receiver, no sofa-pil-low, no affghan in the parlor—all of them Annie's handiwork. Even the dainty straw-framed prints had disappeared, and everything ooked prim and stiff.

In the dining-room it was as bad; but in the bedrooms!

Not a sign of the toilet suits; no hair-re ceivers, no dainty swiss guards over the wash-stands;—well it did look queer, and bare, and lonesome, but as he had said to Annie he fairly hated the sight of them, thinking how much they cost, he was not going to acknowledge that he missed them.

"Well, Annie, how are you getting along? how does your new girl do?"

Mrs. Bessemer smiled wearily, and her husband took private notes of the fact that she was unkempt and collarless for the first time at their breakfast-table in the four years of married life.

"I will see what I can make of her. She

"You must expect some such little inconveniences, my dear. Be philosophical, and remember there is nothing so bad that might not be worse."

"I remembered it, George, when she broke the tureen. But when she spilled the contents of the gravy-boat on your dress-coat, that lay where you left—"

"Grease on my coat? on my dress-coat? Where's the stupid fool? Where's my coat? Mrs. Bessemer, where is your management?"

"In a better place than your bump of order, I am sure. Why did you leave your coat on the lounge last night? I cannot go around after you and wait on you, George. Surely I have enough to do; and you have as many

Annie felt strangely. She was wounded to the very core, and yet—
Mr. McWilliams spoke suddenly: "He bought them at a fair; and the pincushion yonder.' Sure enough there was a pincushion, a perfeet marvel of ruffles, lace and bows; and Mr. Bessemer had hung it up by one of the loops to the wall. It was full of pins, too. broke the soup tureen in ten minutes after she entered the house." But Annie had resolved on a lesson to her economizing husband; and although it would

ed Annie.

be a task of weeks, she determined to "fight it out" on the line she laid down. In the end, she knew she would convince him that she was right, and not extravagant in "gim-cracks."

She spied a door she never had seen before,

and tried to open it; finding it locked, she turned to McWilliams. He blushed a little,

then fumbled in his pocket for the key he hand-

"It's pretty fixy for only men-folks, Mrs.

Bessemer, but it's very convenient and pret-

A little room with one window, draped with lace curtains looped back with blue ribbons;

a marble-top washstand covered with a china

toilet set: blue and white mats, and on the

wall, under the glass, and over the top of the

Carpet to match the outer room covered the

For the life of her Annie could not repress

a scream of laughter; the next minute tears rushed to her eyes. Could it be possible George

wanted to practice economy and plainness at home, and the while denying himself nothing? And then she wondered if he did not intend to

make up for plain bills of fare at home by delicious restaurant meals?

stand, a blue and white wall-guard.

floor, and a rug lay before the stand.

It was six weeks after this that Mr. Bessemer expected several friends in to spend an evening; and, naturally enough, he took a tour of the rooms to see how things stood. A full blaze of light filled the room, and as he entered the door, with Annie on his arm, he

stopped stark still. "What on earth is the matter with that arm-chair? What is that big black spot on it? Patience alive! look at the tete-a-tete! On both ends a similar place! Annie, has George

He turned severely to Annie as he spoke. "Oh no; I don't allow that. I think it is grease from your hair, dear. It used to be so on the tidies every Monday."
"You take it coolly. Why, woman, the

been in here with bread and butter?"

furniture is ruined—ruined!' "Of course it is ruined. I knew it would be when the tidies were taken off."

He stared at her a moment, then walked over to the mantel. It was marble, and in the center were several small, dull brown

"What's that, I'd like to know? Perhaps it is grease off my hair!" Annie laughed.

"Oh, no; but you made the marks laying down lit cigars. There used to be a silver canvas-receiver, you know."
"Humph! What else have I done, Mrs.

Bessemer? He tried to be crushingly severe, but Annie

was not to be crushed.
"Not much in here—only this, on the piano, where you have set down the lamp when I was playing for you. The kerosene seems to have stained the rosewood terribly."

"Bother the kerosene! don't I hate the plaguy lamps! I'll have gas in to-morrow." "I wouldn't, George. It'll cost a great deal, and, besides, before I took away the pair of scarlet mats from the piano, the lamp never

did any hurt—not in four years."
Was she quizzing him? Inwardly he secok his head at himself.

"Come up-stairs a minute, George. I've lighted the lamp, and I want you to see how nicely the bed-rooms look."

She took his arm, and chatted merrily as they went up, and then she led him deftly past keen eyes alight precisely where she wanted

"Annie! what does this mean?" He dropped her arm, and pointed to the stained marble top, where there were a hundred little rings of dull, dirty hue. "Why, it must be where you've set down

your toilet-bottles. I declare, see how the bottom of the bottles fit the marks." She very innocently looked up in his face that began to take on a curious, half-quizzical look. Then he went across the room to the

wash-stand. "Since I am on a tour of investigation, I vill see how many marks of soapsuds I have

left here. Humph!" Sure enough, the wash-stand looked very shabby; and the wall before it was spattered

in a thousand places. He looked a moment; then half smiled. "Well, I suppose I am to admit that gin-cracks are cheaper than ruined furniture—eh?"

"Don't you find it saves the office things, Annie fired off her biggest gun so calmly, so affectionately; but George started, colored fairly red—purple; then, seeing the laugh gathering in his wife's eyes, and on her saucy

we can have a simple dinner—say an Irish lips, he collapsed suddenly. Beaten, with my own weapons, too! Little wife, fetch out the pretties, and let's cover up these tracks of my foolishness; and we'll

gard them flags of triumph for you. He caught her in his arms, and waltzed her "No; I only wanted to know. Good-by, around the room. "I was wrong, Annie, and you were right

—you're always right. Your little ornamental articles not only beautified, but actually saved money by keeping our furniture always new. You will forgive me?"

'If you will take this as a peace-offering for my having invaded your office." She handed him the velvet slippers, laugh-

'You dear little woman," he said, and tried to catch her, but she was off to redecorate her

house before her guests came. It was not Irish stew and rice pudding she gave them for dinner; nor coffee and mackerel

for breakfast; and the very next day Mr. Bessemer searched for and found their old cook and chambermaid. And instead of the seamstress he bought her a sewing-machine; so that Annie sits and sings and sews as happy as a bird.

## No Popular Weekly Like

#### THE SATURDAY JOURNAL! Leads all the Popular Weeklies in the

aintained interest and entertaining character of each issue; in the wide-awake and fresh spirit that pervades all its departments; in the captivating variety of its contributions; in the decided influence which it exerts on every reader, old or young-characteristics which have won for it the enviable title of

"The Favorite Home and Fireside Weekly."



With a sharp pluck the stout cloth was stretched taut, then it parted near the middle.

"I'm a fri'nd—we're goin' to git you out o' this scrape, if you don't spile all by makin' rumpus. Thar—" as he severed their bonds. The gal fust. Don't be skeered, little one! rumpus Thar's strong arms an' true hearts up yender.

They won't let ye tumble." With these words he secured the lasso beneath the woman's arms, and gave the signal to hoist away. The ascent was made in safety, and the rope lowered for the man. Gavin

finally ascended. The Kiowas were rapidly becoming drunk Bending over the fast-lowering liquor, they swallowed huge draughts, ceasing only when the fiery liquor took away their breath. It was plain that they had eyes, thoughts for

naught else. "Boys," abruptly said Gavin, "I don't keer bout walkin' when I kin ride. Thar's plenty o' critters down yender. Who'll go wi' me fer

"This beaver," grunted Zack Hines.
"Nough said. Lower us, you fellers. We'll

git critters an' keep 'long the wall ontel we kin ine you. That way we won't lose no time.' Securing their weapons, the two men were owered over the wall, and within ten minutes had picked out their ponies, severed their hopand quietly led them away, unsuspected by the drunken Kiowas.

Harry Coon rode beside the rescued maiden, and before daylight had learned her whole story. She, with her father, had been the only ones saved from the massacre. The train had been loaded with goods for the Chihuahua market, and in part owned by Hugh Davis, who intended setting up a store at Durango This was the reason why Ella, his only child

and sole living relative, accompanied him. Just after sunrise the party were reunited, and feeling secure from pursuit, knowing that hours must elapse before the Kiowas would arouse from their drunken stupor, they halted for a couple of hours, and breakfasted. That He fell over head and ears in love with Ella, and made such good use of his opportunities that, before the trading-post on the Arkansas was reached, the two had decided to become one, to follow life's trail together from thence

And, finding an itinerant preacher at the Post, they were married without any more The reader must imagine the item ado. ly, it may be added, that Jack Gavin, Foxy Chase and Zack Hines got "drunker'n b'iled owls" by way of doing honor to the nuptials of their loved comrade.

To Our Readers. - All who wish their friends to enjoy the reading of Mrs. May Agnes FLEMING'S splendid serial story, "AN AWFUL MYS-TERY," will please have them call upon your news o' them fellers a-squattin' down. Two bar'ls | ing the first chapters of the great novel.

"The truth is, Annie, it is just such gim-cracks as that"—he pointed to the pile of beautiful zephyrs she had been shading—"that take all the loose dollars we ought to put into Annie's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

She felt vexed with herself for so little selfcontrol as to permit him to see how his words touched her, but she could not hide them from him. Instead, she smiled through them. "I intended to make a pair of tufted slip-

pers for your birthday. You admired brother Ed's so much, and your own are worn nearly out. I bought the material with some change I had left from my satin suit—you remember I paid less a yard than I expected. But I'll put them away."
She quietly explained, then as quietly began

to roll up the velvet and zephyrs. "Oh, slippers, eh?"—and Annie detected the mollified tone of voice. "Since you've bought the stuff, you'd better use it, hadn't you?

would be a wicked waste to throw it aside. Mrs. Bessemer suddenly saw daylight drifting through the previous obscurity of her hus-Quick as a flash, she decided band's remarks. on her mode of action-and went on folding up the velvet.

'Perhaps you are right as to this 'gimcrack,' George," she said, utterly disregarding his last remark. "The velvet will make Georgie a jacket."

Mr. Bessemer watched her lav it away with

a slight chagrin on his face; but he wasn't the man, he said to himself, to let her see it. "To return to the subject of retrenchment Annie; and as I said, these useless, trifling ornaments that are scattered from garret to cellar of our house are partly what are eating up my income. I declare, I fairly hate to see 'em

when I come in the house." They shall not trouble you again. What else can I do to reduce expenses, George? He imagined there was sarcasm in his wife's tones; but scan her as narrowly as he could, he discovered no lurking smile in eyes or

'Well, yes; as long as we're talking about it, I may as well tell you I think you might manage with one girl instead of three. mother never kept any, and she had eleven children and her husband to do for."

A vision of her mother-in-law rose before Annie's eyes, but she forebore to comment. "A cook, chambermaid and seamstress seem at least two too many," he continued. "Couldn't you get a stout German girl to do the rough? and I know you could cook—you can

make such splendid things."
Which deft compliment did not tickle Mrs. essemer as her husband intended it should. "It shall be as you say," she returned Discharge the servants yourself, George, and end me a stout German girl to do the rough.

to me you might economize on the table a lit-"If less will serve you it will me, I am

Mr. Bessemer wiped the chocolate carefully

"My dear," he returned, cheerily, "a cup

of good coffee, a slice of toast, and a morsel of boiled salt mackerel-how's that? cheap, good, easy to cook, eh?" Annie laughed. "So be it. Boiled mackerel, toast and coffee to-morrow morning. And what shall we have for dinner to-night, under this new re-

off his mustache.

For the third time Mr. Bessemer wondered if she were making fun; for the third time he was unable to tell "I'll take a light lunch down town, and

stew and rice pudding-eh?" "Very well. Are you going to the store to-day, or to the city?"
"To New York. Why? Have you a commission for me?"

eorge. Georgie, kiss papa."

And so Mr. Bessemer started for the city. George. And Annie-? It was after eleven o'clock when Annie enered the private office of Mr. Bessemer's large

dry-goods establishment, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed. She nodded pleasantly to Mr. McWilliams, the book-keeper, as she sat down in the elegant red-velvet arm-chair.

'How cozy the office is," she remarked. "It has been three months, I guess, since I was here. Since then Mr. Bessemer has been making improvements, I see." She glanced at the bright Brussels carpet:

the suit of red velvet; the handsome baseburner; the six-globed chandelier; the four finely-framed chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," and the companion pair, "Yo-semite" and "Niagara Falls"; the several walnut brackets on the wall, that held, variously, a vase of flowers, a small bust of Grant, an elaborate meerschaum of Mr. Bessemer's and a volume of poems. Annie smiled, then laughed so merrily that

Mr. McWilliams joined her. "It is so funny," she said. "Do you know what it cost to fit up the office—in detail?"

For answer he handed her two bills; one

for the carpet, the other for the furniture, brackets, pictures. She saw what the amount was, then gave it

Was she making fun of him? For the life the office exceedingly well. Oh, what's this?"

"Mr. Bessemer has excellent taste. I like